GOAL!

George E. Miller

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The winning team at a field meet in India.
The trophy belongs to the Damoh Orphanage.

GOAL!

By

GEORGE E. MILLER, M. D.
Author of "In the Land of Sweepers and Kings"

A Story of the Boys' Boarding
School and Orphanage
at Damoh, India

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To

C. W. PLOPPER

Who encouraged the first writing
of this story and to
Youth
the world over.

Preface

By request the story called "Prem Masih of Damoh" has been revised, much of it re-written, and a new and much more descriptive name given to it.

It is the story of a real orphanage and of real boys in India. I must warn my readers, however, that it belongs to the realm of fiction, and I have taken the story-teller's privilege of embellishing some of the scenes and incidents, and of inventing others; but I shall not tell where truth ends and fiction begins, for it would spoil the flavor of the tale. I have tried not to exaggerate, and can sincerely say that this story is a true picture of boy orphanage life in India. I have taken the characteristics of five or six people and made a few typical persons, and into their lives scattered incidents have been woven. The chapter, Around the Evening Fire, is true in the main, especially the stories the boys tell of their coming to the orphanage in the early days when famine gripped the land. I am indebted to Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Benlehr, Mr. and Mrs. Rioch, and the Misses Franklin for a number of the incidents and experiences narrated herein.

The writing of this tale has given me more pleasure than meat and drink and play. I trust that through it my readers may fall in love with my boys and little Seoti, and realize that in them is mission work in India fully vindicated.

You will find the pronunciation of Indian words in the back of the book.

GEO. E. MILLER.

Mungeli, C. P., India.

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1

THE NEW BOY

HE ringing clangs of a deep toned bell sounded through the evening air. The boys in the work-shop dropped hammer and saw and chisel and began washing at the near-by well over which a tall windmill stands sentinel. The boys down in the garden and fields were glad to leave plow and hoe and weeder, and soon they, too, were cooling their hot faces in the water of that friendly well.

The Manager and the Housefather of the Damoh orphanage emerged from the fields into the road that leads from Circuit House Hill, and on which all three bungalows and the orphanage plant are situated. As they neared the gate leading into the orphanage compound they saw a small lad of about eight slowly sauntering along, tracing patterns in the dust with his bare feet. When he came within sight of the boys at the well, he stopped and looked at them wistfully, turned as though to enter the gate, then paused hesitatingly.

"Hello, lad, from where did you come?" called the Manager, in greeting.

"From no place."

"Where are your people?"

"I have none."

"Where are you going?"

"No place."

"What do you want?"

"To stay here."

"So! You like the looks of these boys, do you?

Would you run away tomorrow if I were to take you in?"

"No, 'Hazur,' I would stay forever."

The Manager looked him over, and his practiced eye saw a boy to gladden the heart. He was well-kept, his face round and smooth, with appealing brown eyes, sturdy bronze limbs, and a chest that stood out stockily. The whole face showed character, and at the same time a mischievousness which seemed to ripple like the waters of a *"talao"* when caressed by the gentle breeze of evening. The Manager saw in him a lad who could be loved, yet who would have to be spanked, one who would make good, yet who could be like salt in a sore to those who would have to develop him.

He wanted all such boys, but he knew from past experience that not all boys can be kept who palm themselves off as orphans. More than once parents or relatives had come for so-called homeless boys, and this lad before him looked too well-kept to be without people and care. There was not the faintest trace of a starved look there. However, the Manager told the lad to go over where the boys were and wash up for supper. At the mention of supper the boy braced up and brightened like a soldier on parade, and lost no time in joining the crowd at the well. He was introduced by the Housefather, and after a few minutes of preliminary hesitation and diffidence peculiar to all boys the world over, began to chat away as though he had been in the orphanage a year.

The supper gong rang, and with shouts and laughter the boys ran pell-mell toward the gate of the walled-in open court in which they had their

meals. The new boy followed, vitally interested. In later years he said that that first impression of the orphanage was a mighty good one. He had the appetite of a healthy boy who had gone without food since morning, and he never forgot that heaped-up platter of steaming curry and rice which was set before him.

The boys sat on the ground in rows, their empty plates before them, and the cooks came by, one with a big basket of cooked rice, and another with an earthern pot of hot curry. These were ladled out to the boys, and, after a blessing, a very strange procedure to our new boy, they began to eat. Not a word was spoken. It is the custom in India to eat in silence; but there was another reason for the silence here. It had been found that if such a large number of boys were permitted to talk there would be riot and confusion, even leading to quarrels.

But boys are boys, in India as elsewhere, and many a contraband whisper was passed from one to the other when opportunity offered. Thus it was that a boy near the new inmate, and about his own age, asked him his name.

"Gulal," answered the boy loudly and promptly, for as yet he knew nothing of the rules.

"Here, what does this mean!" shouted an irate caretaker.

"He asked me my name, and I told him," said Gulal.

"Gopal, you know the rules," said the caretaker to the guilty boy. "Not only you yourself disobey, but you teach this new boy to do the same. You

may either do without your supper, or work in the fields overtime tomorrow. Which will you do?"

Poor Gopal thought it over. The fields would lie under a hot sun, and even a young back breaks at weeding time. But, on the other hand, there was that plate of white rice before him, and by its side the steaming curry, its fragrance already in his nostrils. No, he could not resign it. He would accept present blessings and pay the penalty on the morrow. And such is the India-rubber quality of a healthy boy, that Gopal had no sooner tasted his food than tomorrow and punishment were altogether forgotten.

Gulal, not the least abashed by the episode, ate calmly on, and grimaced so comically that the boys near him began to snicker, and the snicker spread along the lines until the caretaker became wrathful and declared that they could behave themselves or there would be no breakfast cooked on the morrow. This had the desired effect, and supper was finished in silence and enforced decorum.

Supper over the boys played and talked, and after a time the smaller ones began to go to bed. Gulal was too excited with the newness of things to be sleepy, but listened to the older boys talk, and wandered up and down looking at the barracks, or sleeping quarters. These barracks are long, open rooms, the beds being altar-like affairs of brick and cement, which can be washed and cleaned easily. On these raised places the boys spread their bedding, and by each is a little tin trunk with a lock, the key in the hands of the owner. Each boy knows his place and keeps it. To be caught tampering with another boy's trunk

means to be called before the Manager and punished. Although the beds are hard, the boys sleep through the night with no discomfort.

At nine o'clock the curfew rang, and every boy, big and little, had to be in bed within fifteen minutes after that bell. Gulal had been given a blanket and assigned a place in the barrack for the middle-sized boys. As he was sitting on his bunk getting ready for bed, an incident occurred which proved him courageous and increased that admiration which the other boys had already begun to feel for him. His bunk was near the door. A krait, one of the most deadly of all poisonous snakes, had made its way through the open door without any one seeing it, and started to crawl over Gulal's foot. He looked down just in time to see it before it touched him, and nerved himself to hold his foot still, as a reflex jerk would have caused the snake to strike.

Little Gulal was stiff from fright, but he was plucky and quick-witted. He knew what a move would mean and kept absolutely quiet. The other boys, seeing him looking down so steadfastly, also bent their gaze to the floor and saw what was happening. No one moved, but all watched in scared silence as the snake slowly, very slowly — six years it seemed to Gulal — made its way across the foot. As it cleared the foot Gulal, now soaked with perspiration from his fright and nervous strain, quickly threw his feet upon his bunk, and the other boys with sticks fell upon the krait with shouts and laughter, now that the danger was over. Soon every boy was asleep, for a boy's nerves are as steel, and even a life-and-death

experience with a venomous reptile cannot keep him awake when night has come.

The next morning when the bell rang Gulal thought it meant another feast. He was disagreeably surprised when he found it was for prayers, but the morning lesson was about Jesus calling little children to bless them, and he thought this the very nicest thing he had ever heard in religion. He had known something of Christians, but this was his first real introduction to Jesus of Nazareth.

When prayers were over he saw all the little boys — those under seven — line up by the gate, and a "Memsahib" going down the line examining them. As she came to each boy he would open his mouth as wide as possible and stick out his tongue, and the Memsahib would look down his throat. This was indeed a strange procedure to Gulal, and he asked a larger boy if the Memsahib was trying to see if last evening's supper were digested before she would let them have anything more. She was really looking to see that there were no signs of sore mouth. In the early days many a boy had been carried off with ulceration of the mouth, as they lacked the vitality to withstand sickness, and even now, after things were well established and organized, it was found that a small boy could develop sore mouth and even die from it.

For a day or two the Manager let the new boy wander about at will. He had found this better than to try to break a new-comer in at once. Gulal saw some boys go into the building over which stood the windmill. He went in with them and

found boys at work making chairs, tables, desks, and even a *"tanga"* in almost a state of completion. He came near the well just as a boy pulled a wire leading up through the roof, and a mill began to grind. He was told that the power came from the windmill above, and he rushed out to see.

As he stood looking a cart came by on its way to the fields, and he jumped on for a ride. It was rice-threshing time, and Gulal was much interested in the windmill for winnowing grain. Next to a steam-engine, this was about the most interesting thing he had ever seen. It certainly was better than to take up the grain in a scoop-like basket and pour it slowly to the ground when a fair breeze was blowing. The garden was in its prime, and the *"papaiyas"* and oranges looked good to him. Seeing no one, he walked up and picked off a large orange, and when the watchman rushed out and thumped him on the head he took it stoically and philosophically. It was his code.

The most delightful spot Gulal found that day was the jungle. At the present day there is not much jungle left on all the three hundred and eighty acres of the orphanage farm; but in those days there was quite a stretch of it, and it was a rare retreat for the boys, who were not allowed to leave the farm without permission.

Gulal wandered about until he found some *"ber,"* or wild plum bushes and settled down to make the most of them. Other boys had also been there with a like mind, but there was enough ripe fruit left to please a small boy of eight. As he was picking the fruit another boy of perhaps ten years

of age appeared upon the scene. He was a bullet-headed, narrow-eyed, unpleasant lad. He surlily asked Gulal what he meant by taking fruit from his bush, and emphasized his dislike by striking him across the face. Gulal was plucky and closed in with his assailant. In all probability, he would have come to grief had a caretaker not rushed upon the scene and carried off the offender by the collar of his "*kurta.*" This boy was Mangal, the hardest to control of all the boys of his age. He had run away from work, and the caretaker had found him just in time, as we have seen, to prevent a fight between him and Gulal.

The day passed away, and by night Gulal had seen every nook and cranny of the orphanage, and had come to the conclusion that never yet had he been in a place that suited him so well. He did not like his home. He had plenty to eat there, it is true, but the women of the house were always quarreling, and life held no adventures. He really wanted a chance to grow, an instinct to be something different from what he then was, though he could not have told you this in so many words.

Adventure there seemed to be in the orphanage, most exciting compared to the tameness of his home life.

A new "Sahib" had recently come to Damoh. He had heard of the foraging expeditions of wild pigs in the crops and had determined to watch for them that night. It was moonlight and the Sahib, who had been having a little fever, could not sleep. In his restlessness he began walking about in his room upstairs. Coming out upon the open porch, it occurred to him that such a night would

be fine for pig hunting, so, slipping on his clothes and tying a white rag over the sight of his shotgun so as to be able to take more accurate aim in the pale light, he sauntered down through the farm. He had been told that the pigs tried to slip in almost every night, and one night had succeeded in doing quite a bit of damage because the watchmen had gone to sleep.

One rice field had not yet been cut, because it had been planted quite late in the season and was not yet fully ripe. Working his way toward this field, the new Sahib came upon some shadowy forms near a large embankment. With a series of "woofs" they bolted, but the largest one did not go very far. It turned and looked at the Sahib, grunting and champing its tusks savagely. This was really a large wild boar, the leader of the drove, and one which was feared by all, as it had been known to attack men in daylight.

The Sahib had been warned about wounding a wild boar, but he had a new shotgun, and shells loaded with buck-shot, and he had the idea that nothing could stand before it. Without further thought he kneeled behind the embankment, aimed and fired. It was a foolish thing to do, foolish enough even in daylight, but much more so in the moonlight when it was difficult to judge distance and gun elevation. No sooner had he fired than there was the flash of a black, woofing, champing shadow through the moonlight, and something like a tornado struck at him over the embankment.

Fortunately the embankment was a high one, and the slope at that place quite steep; but even then the Sahib had difficulty in side-stepping as

the huge boar came hurtling over the top. He succeeded in springing to the other side before the boar could turn for a second charge. There was a *"talao"* on the other side of the embankment and the boar was forced to wheel about. In doing so it again saw the Sahib, and charged the second time. The Sahib fired the second barrel of his gun at close range and brought the boar to its knees for a moment, though he failed to hit it in a vital spot.

In the meantime the watchers came running with their *"lathis"*, raising a great shout. The garden was near by, and toward this the Sahib ran with all his might. The boar was on its feet instantly, and went after him in a flash. The Sahib had won the hundred yard dash in college, but he never sprinted as he did that night. On he fled, the boar gaining at every bound. There was a well in the garden, and toward this ran the Sahib. His brain was clear now, and his usual calm and courage had returned. He was thinking out a plan. The day before a cart had run against this well and knocked in a section of the wall. Fortunately the Sahib had noticed this during his evening walk, and now recalled the fact. As good luck would have it, it was straight in line with his retreat. He ran to it, whirled around quickly, waited until the boar was almost upon him, and sidestepped as he had learned to do in boxing class. The boar went flying through the gap, crashed against the wall on the other side, and fell splashing into the well.

What a time they had killing that boar and getting it out of the well! Everybody was talking

and laughing most excitedly. Those boys knew that on the morrow there would be a grand barbecue! The strong well rope was turned into a lasso, which they finally succeeded in getting over the boar's head, and it was shot at close range in the forehead, while everybody heaved and pulled. Even then it is doubtful if they would have succeeded in drawing it up had not a number of the larger boys, having heard the commotion, come to the rescue. How exciting it was!

The more the Manager saw of Gulal the more he wanted to keep him, yet he had a vague dread that someone would come and claim him. On the third day it happened. On missing his boy the father had begun a search. He reported to the Damoh police, and the inspector had called at the orphanage for information. Of course the Manager had to tell the truth about the matter, so he called up Gulal, and explained the way he had come. The inspector was sure he tallied with the description he had received, and notified the father, who came on the evening of the third day and demanded his boy. The Manager, the Housefather, and some of the older boys, all urged the father to leave him. They pointed out how happy he was, and all the advantages of the place.

The father was a village man, however, and thought nothing of these things. His boy was big enough to do some work, and he needed him. Furthermore, he would not leave him with Christians for fear he would become one, and that would be the same as losing him. When Gulal saw his father he bolted to the jungle, and some small lads helped him to hide; but an older boy who

knew the policy of the orphanage caught him and brought him up to the office. Poor Gulal, crying and struggling, was forcibly carried away, and all that the missionaries and boys could do was to look on sorrowfully and hope that something would turn up to save him.

His father used rough measures at first, but finding that they made matters worse, he promised Gulal candy and all sorts of things if he would go along quietly and peaceably. This appeased the lad somewhat, though his faith in his father's words was not very strong. In fact, so often had he been deceived that he had but little faith in anybody's words. Lying is a great art in India. If one can hood-wink another by lying and deceiving, it is considered an accomplishment rather than a disgrace. Very small children soon learn to distrust the words of their parents, and themselves learn to lie and deceive.

Gulal knew, however, that in all probability he would receive various indulgences, for a time at least, on reaching home, so he ceased his struggles. On reaching home his mother promptly began to upbraid him, but the father sternly told her to hush, purchased some candy from the village "*mithaiwals*" or candy-maker, and explained to the mother and grandmother all the circumstances, and especially as to how Gulal resented being brought away. The result was that they were exceptionally good to him for a day or two, and he was happy again.

But Gulal's dream of idleness and ease was soon shattered. His father was a potter and had begun preparations for a new batch of earthern

water-jars. He put Gulal to mixing the clay with his feet. This was great fun for a few minutes, then began to savor too much of drudgery. He stopped, and his father thumped him on the head, calling him an idle, good-for-nothing boy. He worked away for awhile, then stopped again, declaring he would mix mud no longer. Poor little Gulal had but little incentive to work! There was no reward, no explanation of why he should work, just plain drudgery and nothing more. The average Indian is like a child himself. He will get vexed and pound his child without sense or reason one minute and indulge it the next, with the result that there is no such thing as real discipline. The child learns that it can have its way if it just hangs out long enough. A child will start off after its mother. The mother orders it back. It refuses to go. The mother beats and thumps it. It hangs behind, crying and screaming, then starts after its mother again. This continues until the mother gives in and the child has its way. The child keeps on until it does have its way, no matter if the struggle lasts a half hour or more.

Gulal determined to have his way. He climbed out of the clay-pit.

"Go to work," said the father.

"I will not!" said Gulal.

After this came a beating.

"I will not work!" screamed Gulal. "I will run away to Damoh. It is like living there. There is nothing here but lying and mixing mud."

This called for another beating. There was a series of such struggles, and Gulal's father finally gave up the contest. Gulal's brother, a lad of four-

teen, old enough to know that their bread depended upon the work, took Gulal's place and continued the mixing.

The next day there was another fight over something else, and again Gulal declared his determination to return to the orphanage.

"Yes," said his mother, "those Christian dogs have bewitched you. I wish they would stay in their own country where everybody eats the flesh of cows and swine. I should think God would smite them for killing such a holy beast as the cow."

"You are right," said the village priest, who had come upon the scene in time to witness the latest clash between Gulal and his father. "These Christians are turning India up-side-down with their teachings and strange ways. They put their *Yishu Masih* before *Ram, Krishna,* or any other incarnation. Will they teach the East, the land of philosophers? Why do they boast of their learning and inventions? Does not everybody know that our holy books contain all knowledge, that nothing ever was or will be known, and that nothing ever has or will be made, that has not been foretold in our writings? Keep your lad away from the Christian dogs, full of wickedness and all witchcraft."

"I do not know about that, Panditji," replied Gulal's brother. "The Christians, when they follow the teachings of Yishu Masih, are more righteous and upright than are we. Do we not place full faith in the missionary's word, knowing that what he says he will do, he will do? Do we not trust the British official who is honesty itself?

And what of Prem Das, the Christian teacher who sometimes comes with the *"padri"* and sometimes alone; did you ever know him to lie and deceive?"

"Ganpat!" exclaimed the horrified old grandmother, "would you presume to talk so to the Panditji, a strip of a lad like you! What is the country coming to when the children argue religion with the priests of the land?"

"They are influenced by the devil," answered the priest. "The missionaries and the Christian dogs bewitch the people so as to gain control over them and all they have. They are sons of perdition, and their religion is an abomination. Ganpat!" and he fixed the lad with a glittering eye and pointed an accusing finger at him, "beware the gods do not have their revenge on you. Go to the temple and make your offering, and perhaps I can secure forgiveness for you. What do you know of religion? Listen to your parents and teachers, and you will be blessed."

Ganpat was a plucky, sturdy lad, with inherent firmness of character. His people were of like nature, but were bound with the old chains of custom and superstition. He belonged to the younger generation, which is becoming freed from superstition. He quailed for a moment before the *"pandit's"* accusing gaze, then his common sense and independence asserted themselves and he replied:

"Panditji, you can no longer frighten me as you do my people. I have heard the Christians teach in the bazar, and so have you. Did you ever yet hear any wicked, evil thing? Did you ever hear aught but salvation, and the way to attain it;

God's love, and how to dwell in it; Yishu Masih's wonderful teachings, and how he came to free and uplift us?"

"What do you know of their teaching?" replied the indignant priest. "They can say things in the bazar, but how do you know that it expresses their real life and religion?"

"Can I not read?" said Ganpat. "Have I not read the story of "Yishu Masih" as told by his disciples? I know I have never read or heard any thing so wonderful."

"Yes, you can read," answered the priest. "These missionaries, curse them, come and teach you common dogs to read, when God did not intend it. It is just a ruse of the devil to destroy the country."

"Yes," said Ganpat, "you priests used to pour hot wax into the ears of a low caste man if he should hear words read from the holy books; but the Christians pour teaching into those same ears, and see what the difference is! If a low caste man can learn to read and write, and can develop into an intelligent being, does it not prove that man, and not God, has taken those rights away from him?"

"You young dog, you owl and son of an owl, son of a pig, you donkey!" replied the now thoroughly angry priest; and he went off muttering such vile and abusive epithets that we cannot write all that he said. Ganpat's parents were thoroughly shocked and alarmed, and predicted all kinds of calamity because of his conduct; but Ganpat was not worried.

The more the priest thought of how a young lad

of fourteen had stood up to him, the angrier he became. There had been two or three spectators of the scene, and it was soon over the village that Ganpat had defied the priest. This priest was of the baser sort, vindictive, altogether without scruples. When the villagers asked him about the affair he told the whole story with many exaggerations, and predicted that the gods would certainly punish such blasphemy. The simple people were very much shocked, and really believed that Ganpat, if not all the family, would be punished. Two or three more sturdy ones expressed their doubt on the subject, and soon there was much discussion as to whether the priest's prediction would or would not be fulfilled.

This angered the priest all the more, and he saw that his power and influence would be shaken unless some calamity befell to Ganpat's family, and especially to Ganpat himself. He was shrewd enough not to believe in his own gods. There would be revenge and punishment, but it would be his, and not the gods. The gods were very convenient, though. One could lay things to their door and escape suspicion. Yes, it was very convenient and profitable to serve the gods.

Several days passed by and nothing happened. The villagers began to ask the priest if the gods had gone to sleep.

"No," he replied, "they have not forgotten. They have more important work just now, but be assured they will revenge themselves upon that young upstart Ganpat."

One evening as the priest was walking along the *"talao"* bank he saw a small cobra, perhaps

three feet in length, basking in the last rays of the sun. As he looked, the thought came. If he could capture that cobra and slip it into the house of Ganpat, it might hide there and bite someone. Of course it would in all probability mean death, but the priest thought no more about that than did the snake. Near at hand was a clump of bamboos. He cut a small bamboo, slipped slowly toward the cobra, and gave it a blow just hard enough to confuse and stun it. He then pinned it down, and managed to tie it up in the corner of his *"dhoti."*

He thought himself unobserved, for he had taken the precaution to look all about, but down in a hollow two small boys had been gathering *"bers,"* and emerged just in time to see the priest capture the cobra and tie it in his *"dhoti."* They were so astonished to see a holy man engaged in such a queer task that they stood and gazed spellbound. The priest walked quickly away, still thinking he had not been seen.

He walked boldly into the village, carrying the snake along as though it were rice or flour tied up in his clothing, a very common habit in the east. He had secured it so tightly that it could not wiggle. He went straight to Ganpat's home. Ganpat was there, and a few villagers were visiting and gossiping.

"Well, Ganpat, do you still defy the gods?" he asked. "They will not wait always. Repent, or they strike tonight."

"Panditji," was the reply, "I no longer speak of gods. There is but one God, and it is Him I seek

to serve. When I fully see the way, I shall walk therein."

"What, you hardened sceptic, do you still defy! Surely you or your people must suffer for this. I warn you."

The priest then entered the house, which was rather dark, and said — "Curses on this house. May the gods have revenge!" In the meantime he had nimbly untied his "*dhoti*" and slung the cobra into the far corner of the room. After this impressive ceremony he made his exit and stalked majestically down the street.

The simple villagers were stricken dumb, and the old grandmother began to weep and wail. Even Ganpat was shaken at first, but after a time succeeded in overcoming the spell. He knew too much to be altogether bound by superstition. He had heard the message of God's love, and that message gave him courage. He would trust that love.

That night around their out-door fires the people talked of nothing else. Most of them looked upon Ganpat and his people as already doomed. A few still doubted. If the priest's ruse failed, then he would have to move on. The villagers would no longer have faith in him, and their gifts would cease. They talked until a late hour, then began to disperse. When the father of one of the lads who had been picking "*bers*" that day came in, he told his wife somewhat of their conversation, and described the priest's visit to Ganpat's house.

"Father," asked the son, "what could the '*Guruji*' want with a snake?"

"Mercy on us, son, are you not yet asleep?"

"No," answered the mother, "he has been play-

ing hide-and-seek, and I thought I never would find him; but why does he ask such a question?"

"Because today when Mahabir and I were playing and gathering fruit we saw the Guruji catch a snake and tie it up in his "*dhoti.*"

"It must have been for some temple service," answered the father. "The snake is holy."

Early the next morning Ganpat's old grandmother arose to prepare the house for the day. She got the wheat ready for grinding. Then going over to the corner she reached down into the earthern jar for rice when something stabbed her finger and sent a sharp pain through it. It was the cobra flung there by the priest.

"How bold these pesky rats are getting," she said, and went on with her rice cleaning. Soon her heart was pounding away faster than it had done in many a day. The cobra venom had entered a vein, and acted immediately upon the nerve cells. The exhilaration quickly passed, and there was drowsiness, difficult respiration, heart paralysis, and death. The dose of venom was large, the grandmother's heart weak, and after trying to call for help in her feeble voice she became unconscious and died.

When the wife arose she called to the grandmother, but received no answer.

"How often," she said to herself, "have I told grandmother not to wander off to the "*talao*" to wash so early in the morning. She is getting too old."

She saw the wheat ready for grinding, but no rice was in sight. She went over and thrust her hand down into the rice-jar. There was a hiss, a

sharp pain in the finger, and a frightened scream. She knew too well what had happened. Ganpat was awakened by his mother's scream. He quickly lighted a small lamp, and by the aid of its feeble rays looked down into the rice-jar, and saw two glittering points of light. He moved toward the corner of the room for his *"lathi,"* or bamboo club, and in doing so stumbled over the body of his dead grandmother. He killed the cobra, and rushed out to call the native *"baid,"* or medicine man. He would have preferred the mission doctor or the Civil Surgeon, but he must get what help he could.

Soon the village was wild with excitement. The priest quietly smiled and said: "Did I not say that the gods would strike? Who can withstand them?"

Ganpat, rushing back from his quest for the *"baid,"* came across Mahabir, one of the *"ber"* pickers of the day before.

"What is your distress?" he asked of Ganpat.

"A snake has bitten my mother and grandmother."

"A snake! How unfortunate. Say, what would you think the *"Guruji"* would want with a snake? I saw him catch one yesterday and tie it up in his *'dhoti.'* "

"Are you sure of this?" asked Ganpat excitedly.

"Most sure. Rameshwar and I saw him. Ask Rameshwar, and he will tell you the same."

Ganpat thought quickly as he ran back home. He was sure now that the gods had nothing to do with the matter. The priest had taken the pains to capture a snake. He had visited their house

shortly after. A cobra in the rice-jar had bitten two of his people. No, the gods had no hand in this. As he came up to the house he met the priest.

"Well, Ganpat," said he with a wicked leer, "do you still defy the gods? Will you still think that those dogs of Christians are in the right? You have your answer."

"Panditji, if a man take the work of the gods from their hands and attempt to do it himself, will they become angry with him?"

"What do you mean, you young upstart?" said the priest, much taken aback.

"Oh, you have led me to think about the gods," was the reply. "The question grows interesting."

The priest was frightened at first, then concluded that Ganpat was just expressing a suspicion. No one could possibly know anything about what he had done. If it were a suspicion only, well and good. He, a temple priest, would risk that. The superstitious people would believe him.

Ganpat lost no time. He slipped quietly away, rushed in to Damoh as fast as he could, and was the first to report to the police. He was taken to the English Superintendent of Police and permitted to tell his story. The Superintendent saw in it enough of importance to warrant a personal investigation. He rode out in his car, taking Ganpat with him. It was a surprised village and a somewhat frightened priest who watched them ride up.

The Superintendent called up Mahabir and his companion, and had them take him to the scene of the snake-hunt. No one had been there to molest the place, as the story of the two lads had created

no particular excitement. They told him the whole story, showed him from where they had seen the priest catching the snake and pointed out where the bamboo had been cut. In examining the bamboo minutely, the Superintendent found a large yellow leaf just where the bamboo had been severed, and on it he noticed a thumb-print. He plucked this carefully and put it between the clean leaves of a small notebook.

The priest, not wishing to lower his dignity by showing too much interest in the Sahib's doings, did not follow the crowd. Being rather ignorant, he knew little or nothing of the modern methods of detecting criminals.

On returning to the village the Superintendent greeted the priest, and engaged him in religious conversation, expressing interest in the *"Sanskrit,"* the sacred text of the Hindus. This pleased the priest very much, and when the Superintendent handed him a clean bit of paper and asked him to copy on it a couplet or two of sacred poetry, he gladly did so, and unsuspectingly handed it back. Next the Superintendent examined the interior of the house, noted the rice and wheat jars, looked carefully at the snake, then motored back to Damoh. He brought out the thumb prints with special treatment, and found that the prints on the paper and on the leaf were of the same thumb. The result was that in two hours' time the priest was landed in jail to await trial, much to the bewilderment of the people of the village.

The father had been away from home. When he returned and found both his wife and his mother dead, he began to wail and curse, and to

accuse Ganpat of having brought all this calamity upon them.

"No," was Ganpat's reply, "the calamity-bringer is now in the jail in Damoh."

A few weeks later cholera swept that part of the country, and the father of Ganpat and Gulal was one of the first victims. Prem Das, the evangelist, happened through the village that day, and heard all about what had taken place. He went to see the lads, and at once recognized the little one as the lost Gulal whom the orphanage boys were still mourning.

"Gulal, what would you like to do, now that your people are dead?" he asked.

"I want to go back to Damoh," was the prompt answer.

The villagers who were standing about began to demur, saying that enough trouble had already come from such foolishness.

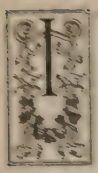
"It is you who are opposing the ways of God," Prem Das answered them. "You know Gulal's people opposed his brother when he championed the true faith, and see where they now are. The priest tried to bring curses down upon Ganpat, and they fell upon himself. Who has proved the more powerful, your gods, or the Great God who sent 'Yishu Masih'?"

Gulal's uncle had come for the funeral, and to see about the property. He was anxious that Ganpat go home with him, as he was big enough to do quite a little work. He did not seem anxious to take Gulal, as he did not care for the extra burden. Seeing this, Prem Das persuaded him to give his little nephew to the Damoh orphanage. So it came

about that that afternoon they went into Damoh, where the uncle signed a stamped agreement giving the mission full control of his nephew. Just as the evening bell was ringing they entered the compound gate, and the Manager and all the boys were delighted when they knew what had happened. Gulal washed his face at the well as he had done that other evening. The gong rang, there was laughter and shouting as before, and soon Gulal was seated by a platter of rice and steaming curry. He had come back.

II

AROUND THE EVENING FIRE



T was a few days after Gulal's return. The day's work was done, and supper was over. Darkness had come, and out in the open space between the barracks a bright fire was burning, a fire of sticks and old paper which the boys had been allowed to build as a special treat; for, though it was February, it was still quite cool after sunset. The boys were laughing and poking and telling stories. After one boy had finished his tale, Gulal said: "I would like to know more about the beginning of things here. You older boys must remember all about it."

"Indeed I can remember," replied Yohan. "It was in the famine time, and some of us never can forget. My father had died just a while before the famine began, and my mother had me and my little sister and her old grandmother to look after. As the famine continued day after day things grew worse and worse for us, and my mother began to sell her jewelry. Fortunately she had much of it, for her father, strange to say, had taken to some modern ideas, and had sworn that his daughter should not be deprived of her jewelry because she was a widow, even though she could not wear it. This jewelry kept us supplied for some time, but the goldsmiths and silversmiths gave so little for it that it was almost like robbery. Grandmother took sick and died, and mother grew weaker and weaker, as she robbed

herself for her children. She, too, sickened from lack of food. My uncle found us at this time. He also was suffering from want, but he helped us the best he could. When mother died he buried her, and took care of me and my sister. Conditions became so bad that my uncle hardly knew what to do. Finally he heard that the mission was taking in famine boys, and he brought us here. I was taken, and my sister was sent to the orphanage for girls in Bilaspur."

"That is the way it was with me," said Lallu. "My father was a farmer, and I can well remember how worried he and his neighbors were when the rains failed. How hot the sky was, and how dry the fields! Day after day the people looked for rain, but it did not come. The grass dried and burned away, and the starving cattle looked in vain for pasture. The "*talaos*" dried up one by one, and it was difficult to obtain water. The rice had come up nicely after the first showers, and everyone thought all would be well; but the tender rice stalks dried and withered away, and thus our main crop was gone.

"Soon we had eaten up all the grain we had. We tried to get more, but the merchants charged exorbitant prices. We attempted to borrow money, but the money lenders demanded a hundred percent, and would not loan without good security. After a time father grew desperate and mortgaged what little land he had. Our neighbors were in no better condition, except a few who were more wealthy. Famine is a time of selfishness, so they kept what they had and helped no one.

"Then people actually began to die, and it was

terrible. The money father received for his land soon was gone, for grain was high. With others we hunted roots and leaves and the buds of trees. Finally father thought he would take us in to Damoh, which is about twenty miles from our village. What a struggle! Father and mother were so weak. A couple of skinny old cows were found along the way, and upon one of these I was seated. About five miles out from Damoh the cow fell down exhausted, and I struggled on with the others the best I could. The journey was too much for father and mother. They died soon after reaching here. I wandered toward a *"talao"* bank, hoping to find water and a few green roots, and sank down on the bank exhausted. When I came to I found myself here, and a "Sahib" was bending over me, forcing hot milk through my parched lips."

"That reminds me," said Balchand, the oldest boy in the orphanage, "how people were lying all about, starving and dying. I was old enough at that time to comprehend what it all meant, and I can remember how I was filled with horror. From all directions people were coming in to Damoh, hoping that the *"Sarkar"* could do something for them; but in those days the Government did not have famine relief work organized as it now is, and it was impossible to relieve the hundreds of starving. However, both the Government and the mission did all they could and saved scores of lives. Even then many more died than were helped. Many were beyond help when they came.

"My people, with others, came and camped out in the fields near here. My father had owned quite

a bit of land, so we were in a fairly good condition when we came; but Oh, some of the others! Out in the fields, with no shelter from the hot sun by day and the cool breeze by night, lay men, women, and children. Those little children! nothing left of them but big appealing brown eyes. They tried to eat the very grass-roots where they lay, too weak to move. They would cry, 'Water, water!' and some of them actually died of thirst as well as hunger, so selfish were the people in their extremity. The 'Sahib' has said we should not judge this selfishness too harshly, for it was the animal instinct of self preservation.

"My father succeeded in getting work on one of the roads being made by the Government, and all might have been well with us had he not contracted a very severe form of small-pox and died. After that things grew worse and worse for us, and the day came when I, too, tried to eat the grass-roots. I was found by the missionaries and brought here with many others, and now I feel thankful that it was so, as I have had so many advantages, and have learned so much more than I ever could have done in the midst of my own people."

"I, too, had quite a difficult time in getting here, said Philip. "I was but four years old, and have but a vague memory of it; but I was told all about it when I grew older. My mother was a widow, and I was the only child. Father had died about six months before. We were living in a little booth of sticks and leaves which my mother had made by the river. She had hoped to grow sweet-potatoes and a few other things along the wet, sandy shore, and thus tide over; but she saw starvation

staring us in the face, so one day she tied her few belongings together, and started out with me to Damoh, many miles away. While on the way my little sister Priti came. There was no home for her when she came, just a spreading Mango tree and the hot, glaring sky.

"Priti was eight days old by the time we reached Damoh, my mother having walked the remaining twelve miles. We fell in with some beggars the next morning, Sunday, who were on their way to the mission. They told her about the work of the mission, and of how boys were finding a home there. She expressed the wish that I might stay there. The Manager Sahib came out and talked to us, then asked if any would give their children to the mission. 'She will,' said one of the beggars, pointing to my mother. So we were taken in, and my mother was placed in Dr. Mary McGavran's hospital, where she died a few days after. My sister was sent to Bilaspur, and here I am, and thankful for it, too."

"My brother and I were taken from the Poor House," said Phudru. "My brother is now overseer in the painting and varnishing room," he explained to Gulal. "The Government opened this Poor House as a means of helping as many boys as possible. I suppose the official saw some promise in us for he reported to the Manager of the Mission, who made arrangements to take us. When we heard it we were frightened, and my brother ran away with me. All sorts of tales were being told about the mission. The railroad between Bina and Katni was being built, and it was said that an Indian boy was to be sacrificed for every

tie laid. It was also said that boys would be sent to *"vilayat,"* where their grease would be fried out for medicine. You can well see why we fled. We were found later and taken to the orphanage, and our foolish fears were soon dispelled."

"How many boys did the mission take, and what did they do with them?" asked Gulal.

"Three hundred or more," answered Balchand. "In those days these fine buildings were not in existence. The Manager and the others had a hard time indeed getting arrangements made for us. We lived in temporary mud huts roofed with grass and straw.

"Do you remember how the rain finally came and washed down the huts?" asked Lallu. "That was a trying time for us, and the missionaries were almost distracted. It rained and rained when it was too late for the crops, the mud walls of our huts began to melt away, and some of them were flooded. I woke up one night and felt the cold water lapping my feet."

"Those were certainly trying times," said Lallu; "but the missionaries worked hard, and things were finally organized. When the rains were over, building work began, and the boys who were strong enough were put to work. There were many rebellions at first, as many of the boys did not like the idea of work. It was really a rough time."

"Yes," replied Balchand, "and the rough time lasted for many years; in fact, there is some of it yet. Do you remember the time there was a feud amongst the boys? I think every boy was in it. I know I was. Most of the rough and unruly boys

were on one side, and we were on the other. The Manager had gone home, and a new Sahib had come in his place. The boys feared him, as he had more than once demonstrated his ability to handle any boy in the orphanage; but one night was an eye-opener for all of us. It was on the evening of the day when we had determined to settle our quarrel once for all. Every boy had cut a big stick, and we carried them to supper with us. Had we ever gotten inside the open court with those clubs there would have been serious trouble; but the Manager had been warned, and was ready. He was standing at the gate when we came up. 'You don't bring those clubs in here,' he said. We all maintained a sullen silence and pushed toward the door. 'I say you do not bring those in here,' he repeated. 'The first boy who attempts to pass through with a club I will lay flat.' And the Sahib's eyes flashed like sun-glinted steel.

"Some of us fell back. If things could be settled by a master hand, we were willing. Not so some of the rougher element. One great big fellow strode forward saying, 'I am going through.' He did not go through. The Sahib's fist shot out like the hoof of an angry mule, and the boy went over like a mud wall in the rains. Another came on, and he went down. Then three big fellows rushed the gate, and all went down so quickly we could not see how it was done. No one else cared to experiment to see how it was done, either! We all stacked arms in a corner as we went inside, and the feud was over."

"Yes, the boys were wild and hard to handle in those days," said Yohan, "but we gradually saw

the purpose of the mission, and the love behind the work. One boy, Rameshwar, was very indignant when work was instituted, and declared he would never do a stroke of it. The Sahib reasoned with him, but it did no good. Finally he was punished and compelled to do his share. He ran away, but hunger drove him back again. Shortly after he became ill, and the Sahib and Memsahib took care of him. Night and day they were ready to help and serve. Rameshwar's heart began to melt, and then it was that the Sahib explained to him the great love of Christ, and how that very love compelled him, the Sahib, to come and labor in India that the people might have the joy of knowing the great *'Guru.'*

"Rameshwar improved in health, but did not become strong. The Sahib gave him light work, and this further convinced him of the sincerity and justice of the orphanage system. He read the New Testament diligently, and soon after was baptized. He was a changed boy, and would have made a good useful man; but high fever seized him one day, and that very night he passed away. Some of us were present when he died, and he said to us — 'Boys, this religion is real, and these people are our friends. Be worthy of them.' This impressed many of us who really had good instincts, and a decided change was noticed in the orphanage."

"True," answered Lallu, "and we go on changing. Several strong boys have gone out of the orphanage, and are now doing well."

"Well, for my part I can not see all the good that you boys see here," said Fatahcharan, a

grouchy and ill-favored boy. "We work and work, and what is the good of it? The mission makes money out of us, that is all."

"Just what I say," answered two or three other boys who were friends of Fatahcharan, and much like him.

"You are wrong," replied Balchand. "You yourself, Fatahcharan, have every opportunity to become a good carpenter, but you will not apply yourself. The mission spends eighteen rupees a month on you, and is willing to supply you with tools if you settle as a carpenter. Is that making money out of you? How much do you think you are worth, anyhow?"

"Don't preach to me, you pious Christian Endeavor boy, you," replied Fatahcharan angrily. "You are a hypocrite, getting on the good side of the Sahib so he will let you have what you want."

"Keep a curb on your tongue and temper, boy. They may get you in trouble," said Balchand, good-naturedly.

"Look after your own tongue, preacher," was the hot rejoinder. "I only know some people had better look out about this place. I am tired of being bossed and punished, and the sticks in the jungle have not all been cut yet."

"Fatahcharan, that is a dangerous threat," said Yohan, "and I would advise you to be careful with both your tongue and your clubs. If ever you fall into the clutches of the Manager's strong right hand we may be able to see your tongue to its roots, it will stick out so far."

"I hope I may be there to see," said little Gulal. "I would like to see the tongue that can say such

things about this place. For my part I am happy here, and intend to do the best I can. I am sure I can learn some useful trade and earn good wages when I grow up."

"Yes, be another Sunday School fellow and work the Sahib," said the ubiquitous Mangal. "What can you do? You can't wrestle a grasshopper."

That was too much for Gulal who made a move towards Mangal and no doubt there would have been another struggle had not the older boys interfered.

"Here, you young disturbers of the peace, will your fighting settle the quarrel?" said Lallu, as he seized each of them by the neck. "There rings the curfew anyway, so to bed you go."

Balchand walked with Gulal a little way toward the small boys' barrack, and before parting for the night said to him: "Gulal, one thing we boys learn, if we wish to learn anything, is this, to keep our temper. It is very hard to learn, but we can do it if we try. The Sahib tells us that one curse of India is that the people are like children, and have but little self-control. Suppose Yohan and others of us had lost our tempers tonight; there probably would have been a fight, with trouble for the Sahib tomorrow and punishment for all of us. We must learn reason and self-control."

"That is very good," answered Gulal, "but I wish you had mashed Fatahcharan's nose until it looked like a '*dhobi's*' nut."

"No, no, my lad, he is sore enough already without having such a nose as that; and say, do not let Mangal worry you too much. He is far from being a decent boy, and I would hate to see you

become as quarrelsome and contentious as he is."

"I will try," said Gulal, "but I surely would like to twist his nose until it would become as crooked as a dog's tail."

The Housefather was waiting with a letter for Gulal from his brother, Ganpat, which made Gulal very happy. This was the letter:

From Ganpat to my Beloved Little Brother,
Many, many Greetings.

The matter of my letter is this, that by the grace of God I am well, and hope you are the same. You will remember that my uncle took me with him to his village. I am well-fed and cared for, but have to work pretty hard, a little too hard for what I receive. There is a school here which teaches through Fourth Hindi. I asked my uncle to attend, and he forbade it. I then delivered an ultimatum that I would leave him if he refused. "Where would you go?" he asked. "To Damoh," I said; then he cursed missionaries and Christians worse than did the priest of our village; but he let me go to school just the same, fearing that I might leave.

You must do the best you can in Damoh, for it is a big opportunity. If I were little like you I would want to be there, but I fear I am too old now. I saw the Evangelist Prem Das the other day, and had a long talk with him. He told me all about you. We talked about the True Way, too. Prem Das is a fine, strong man, and I wish I could be like him. He urged me to go on reading my Testament every day, which I am doing. My Uncle threatened to throw it away, and I told him I would leave sure enough, without wasting two words about it. I am trying to find that True Way, and when I do I shall become a follower of "Yishu Masih."

What more shall I write. Give my greetings to Prem Das and to the Manager "Sahib."

With an ocean of love,

Ganpat.

III

THE COMING OF GANPAT

SAY it is time for you to quit that school and go on with your pottery work like the gods intended you to do," said Ganpat's uncle angrily. They were in the midst of a heated argument, and the uncle had entirely lost his patience and temper.

"You mean like you intend for me to do," answered Ganpat. "You would have me believe the gods created me a drudge, so long as it is profitable to you to have me think so."

"Profitable!" exclaimed the uncle. "What profit have you been to me? Have I not fed and clothed you, and given you a home when you had none?"

"I have labored and drudged, yes, drudged for you during the past four years," was the answer, "and what have I received? Food, it is true, but no better than I could have earned for myself. My clothes are of the cheapest, and with great difficulty have I read a little in school. You have been opposed to my trying to improve myself. You send your own son to school every day and boast of his learning, and then tell me that the gods made me for a drudge. Are we not of the same clay? What kind of argument is that?"

"Argument or no argument, you will do as I tell you or get out," said the irate uncle. "Can a beggar choose?"

"He can choose to be a man," answered Ganpat, "and this day I choose. You have invited me to go, and go I shall."

"Where will you go, '*Maharaj*'? Bread is not easily won, as you will find."

"I am going to the great '*Guru*' who says, 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and these things shall be added unto you.' "

"Oh, that is it, is it? You will join those accursed Christians and get away from us. Well, we'll see, we'll see. I am your legal guardian, and I forbid it."

"You ordered me out a moment ago. Is your hate of the Christians strong enough to make you change your mind in a moment? I suppose you would try to retain me now out of pure spite."

"Hold your peace, you dog, you son of an owl. I would rather have you put in jail than to let you go to those Christians. I order you to get to work and keep working, and never go to that school again. It's this reading of yours that has ruined you, and has made you think that a common orphan can be a gentleman. And that accursed '*Susamachar*' Prem Das gave you has turned you from the religion of your fathers. Bring it to me and I will burn it, and may Prem Das himself burn in hell-fire. If you do not obey me, I will beat you."

"I hardly think you need talk any further, uncle," said the now thoroughly angry though quiet nephew. "I shall go to Damoh tomorrow. I have been thinking about this for a long time. I have wanted to be sure. Now I am sure. I will be a real Christian. Nothing can prevent me. Don't talk of beating me. See that strong arm of mine? I am young, but no weakling, and if ever you lay hands on me you will regret it."

"So! But what about friends and neighbors. Do you think I shall have no help in preventing you from fulfilling this insane idea of yours?"

"We shall see," replied Ganpat.

The uncle now became exasperated beyond all control because of Ganpat's calmness and self-assuredness, and he hurled all the abusive language he knew at the lad, and the Indian knows enough!

Having vented his spleen in this way, the uncle went off and talked to his neighbors and friends, and they decided to call a *"Panchayat"* at once. A *"panchayat"* is a council composed of the chief men of any particular caste, and has the right to settle all disputes and mete out punishment for social offences. Most of the members of this "panch" were in sympathy with the uncle, as they were the older and more conservative men of the village. Had the council been composed of the young men, Ganpat would have had many sympathizers, for nearly all the boys and young men liked him. Ganpat was called before the "panch."

"We are settling your case," said his uncle, "I have been authorized to keep you here, even if I have to lock you up in a room. You will see whether you can do as you like or not. The Indian is ruled by the 'panchayat.' "

"I no longer fear the *'panchayat,'* " replied Ganpat. "I shall become a Christian, then you can decide what you like as far as I am concerned."

"What! you defy the 'panch' and everything sacred to our caste," exclaimed one. "The holy priest from Damoh ought to be called in for your case."

"You will remember that one priest is still in prison through my efforts," calmly replied Ganpat.

The people did remember, for it had been talked about over and over again. Whenever all other news and themes of conversation had given out, this subject had relieved the monotonous hours. The result was that all more or less feared this clever lad who had been the means of getting a holy priest imprisoned, and who was in the good graces of the Captain Sahib of Police. Thus it was that when the uncle saw that his nephew was in earnest, and decided to lock him up in his room that very night after he had gone to sleep, he found it difficult to find anyone willing to help him, providing plans did not work just as they should. Finally, however, a couple of men very bitter against Christianity consented to watch with the uncle.

The room in which Ganpat slept was a small one off one end of the porch, and had a door and one small window hardly large enough for a lad of Ganpat's size to crawl through, and closed with a strong wire grating. It was the uncle's idea to shut Ganpat in this room until he should come to his senses. Ganpat was too wise not to know what was brewing; but when evening came he conducted himself as though he had not the least suspicion in the world. He ate his supper, and before he was through the two men dropped in one at a time as though they had just happened in to visit for awhile. Ganpat sat out in the open court and talked with them for a time, then pretended to be sleepy and went to his room. The uncle and the men winked at each other. They

thought all was going better than they had hoped. Ganpat was not sleepy, but very wide awake indeed. Hasty but clever were his preparations. Having but two changes of clothes, he put both of them on. He picked up a *"sari"* of his mother's and draped it about him, took up a small measure used for holding *"ata,"* rice, etc., and walked calmly through the midst of the uncle and his visitors. The uncle, thinking it was his wife, asked Ganpat where he was going. In reply he held out the empty measure, turned his hand palm up and shook it expressively as the Indian knows how to do, and passed on without a word. The uncle supposed his wife was going over to her neighbor's to borrow flour for the next morning's *"chapatis"*!

Ganpat set the measure on the roof of the low house as he passed out into the darkness, took off the *"sari"* and threw it over the measure, and was soon taking long strides on the road to Damoh. All this time, over behind a partition the wife had been busy sorting out peppers and spices for the *"chatni"* which she planned to make on the morrow, and she had not been aware of her nephew's quiet preparations and departure. After a time she came to the door for a breath of night air, and to hear what the men were talking about. The uncle looked at her in some surprise and said — "How did you slip back again without anyone seeing you?"

"Slip back from where?" asked the puzzled wife.

"Why, did you not just now go to borrow *'ata'* or something from your neighbor?"

"I have not left this house this evening."

"What! Some woman passed through here with the small measure. Who was it?"

Who it was they soon found out. Investigation showed the measure gone, and also Ganpat. The uncle's rage knew no bounds. He and the two men set out in hot pursuit, but the legs of a strong sixteen year old boy proved too much for them, and they had to turn back. The two men urged the uncle to mount a good horse and push on in to Damoh, and this he probably would have done had he not discovered a note in the measure. Their first search had been so hasty that they had not seen this note. On opening it the uncle had his son, a boy of about thirteen, to read it. This is what he read.

From Ganpat to my unreasonable Uncle, Greetings.

Do not pursue me. If you come to Damoh, I will ask the protection of the Captain "Sahib" of Police. He is my friend, and will hear. Even if he should not, I would go to the ends of Hindustan before I would return with you. I, Ganpat, declare this, and you know that I will do it.

Your well-wishing but determined Nephew, Ganpat.

When the uncle read these lines he sputtered for awhile like a dying candle, the flame of his wrath flared up for a moment, then went out. He knew Ganpat well enough to realize that even should he keep him imprisoned for a year, he would still have the same indomitable will, and he wisely concluded to drop the fight and let him go.

The next morning when the orphanage bell was ringing for prayers Ganpat, tired but happy, passed through the gate and into the compound where the boys were moving about. He looked eagerly for Gulal. Four years had made a change in both of them, but Ganpat had no trouble in

recognizing his little brother. He hailed him, but Gulal stared at him dubiously.

"Gulal, do you not know me?" asked Ganpat.

At the sound of his voice Gulal's face brightened, and he danced about shouting — "It's Ganpat! It's my brother Ganpat!"

Ganpat was taken to the Manager, where he told his story and asked for baptism. On questioning him the Manager was astonished at the knowledge and spirit which he displayed, and resolved that he should be baptized as soon as possible, and that Prem Das, the evangelist under whose teaching Ganpat had developed, should have the pleasure and honor of performing the ceremony.

Here a difficulty presented itself. Ganpat was not yet of age, and the consent of his guardian, or nearest relative would have to be secured. It was feared this might prove a most difficult thing if the uncle should become obstinate; but what promised to be a rugged mountain turned out to be a level plain with a broad road running right through the midst of it. The uncle happened to be in Damoh a few days after Ganpat's arrival, and could not resist the temptation to go over and see the place of the accursed missionaries and Christians who had drawn away his two nephews and were combating and defying the gods and ancient customs of India. He was shown about the place, and, strange coincidence, Ganpat was called to conduct him about, which he did with great relish and gusto. As usual, they were soon in a heated argument over Christianity and all connected with it. In the end the

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uncle said — "Stay here then, and be a dog of Christian, and forsake your people if you like."

"You do not care, then?" questioned Ganpat hopefully.

"No!" was the answer. "Do you care for us? Why should we care for you?"

Ganpat conducted his uncle back to the office, and, while he was in his spiteful mood, adroitly succeeded in having him sign a written statement before witnesses that he no longer wished to have anything to do with his nephew, and that he might be baptized if he wished. So, Ganpat was baptized that very day by Prem Das, and Gulal was supremely happy. His beloved brother had come.

IV

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

ANPAT'S coming and conversion had caused Gulal to think seriously for one so young, with the result that very soon he, too, was baptized, and that in the teeth of much ridicule, too, especially on the part of Mangal. And now we must know Gulal by another name. In the East it is quite customary for people to change their name when they change their religion. Gulal did not like his old name. In India there is a so-called religious festival called *"Holi,"* perhaps one of the vilest festivals known. During this festival the people are very fond of throwing a red dye all over one another, and for weeks after the red stain can be seen on their clothing. The name of this dye-stuff is *"gulal,"* and the boy could not tolerate the idea of wearing such a name any longer. When he was baptized the Manager asked him what name he had chosen, and he said — "I wish to be called Prem Masih, lover of Messiah." It is as Prem Masih that we shall know him throughout the remaining chapters.

Some time after this Prem Masih had a number of attacks of malaria which left him in a rather weakened state. Ganpat had gone to live with a missionary in Mungeli, going to school each day, and he requested that his brother might spend a few weeks with him. Being such a reliable lad, the Manager felt that it would be all right to heed Ganpat's request. So it is that we find Prem Masih

on his way to Mungeli one morning in early February.

About thirty miles from Mungeli is a large stream, really a small river, and in this river is a small island called Madku Island. Every year a Christian rally is held here, and the Christians and missionaries of all missions in that area attend. Meetings are held both day and night, and in between there is time for much pleasant visiting. The island is covered with bushes and trees, and is a paradise for children, and both the Indian children and those of the missionaries long for the time when they may go to Madku Ghat again.

Many Christians march through, though some who are able ride horse-back or in the crude Indian cart. On the occasion in question the Mungeli Christians hired a couple of carts for the children and old people, and the others marched through, starting early one morning, and arriving the evening of the next day. The island is near Chandkuri, in which is a large leper asylum, perhaps next to the largest in India. As the Mungeli Christians came out into the broad, well-made road leading from Bisrampur to Chandkuri, they fell in with others who were on their way, and a merry party they made.

As the people arrived they secured millet straw and bamboo matting from the committee in charge of supplies, and sought out locations for their booths. The sun was setting when our Mungeli friends reached the island, so they just stood their matting up against trees and bushes, spread out millet straw, and with this were content for the night. The next morning they arranged their

booths more securely and neatly, and were ready for the "*mela.*" The missionaries had brought tents with them, and soon the ground was covered with tents and booths, the tents a snowy white in the sun, and the booths brown and yellow, with green trees all around and a bright blue sky overhead.

Petty merchants were there, with their wares spread out on the ground. Cocoanuts, candies, parched rice, betel-nut, peanuts, watermelons — all were there in tempting array. There was much chatter and laughter, and the children wandered off through the trees. The island is not altogether surrounded by water at that season of the year — March — but it is separated from the mainland by a broad bed full of stones of all kinds and shapes. Here the children, and especially the children of the missionaries, like to go and gather treasures, and the missionary himself, if he has any interest in geology, usually manages to go over to this place at least once and look about for specimens.

In the large peepul and banian trees monkeys live and play, and sometimes give a great deal of trouble. Crocodiles sun on the sand-pits or swim lazily in the water. Some of the missionaries bring their rifles and try to bag a crocodile before the rally is over.

The river is a delightful place for boating. On the very first day the children of one of the missionaries clamored for a ride. The boats were in use all day, but their father, always quick to invent and improvise, made a boat for them. He procured a country-made bed, a cheap but strong bed about four feet wide and strung with rope

instead of having springs or slats. He spread a large tarpaulin, on the ground, placed the bed on it up-side down, brought the tarpoulin up all around, and tied it firmly to the legs. This made quite a serviceable boat, and a number of fine cruises the children had in it.

There were quite a number of children at this rally. Not only the children of Indian Christians were there, but quite a number of boys and girls from orphanages. Girls were there from the Bilaspur Girls' Orphanage, and herein centers Prem Masih's romance. (This orphanage has since developed into a Boarding School for girls.) These girls ranged in age from two to seventeen, and a pretty picture they made in their white "*saris*." They were in charge of a missionary, or "Mamaji," as orphanage girls lovingly call the lady in whose charge they happen to be.

Boys and girls are the same the world over, and when they are where they mingle together day after day they are sure to pick out their favorites. Among these girls was a little girl named Seoti — which means "White Rose." She was a very pretty little girl of eleven, and when Prem Masih saw her he thought her the sweetest girl of the lot. Hitherto he had not given any thought to girls, but when Seoti came upon the scene Cupid shot an arrow straight and true. As for Seoti, she thought Prem Masih quite the nicest boy who had yet crossed her path, and, as they sat on the straw-covered ground during the time of meeting, she would shyly look out at him from under her long black lashes.

It is a rule in orphanages and other institutions

in India that girls and boys cannot visit, and girls especially are carefully chaperoned. Prem Masih wanted to tell Seoti how fine he thought her, but had neither the opportunity nor the courage. He finally decided that he would write her a note. He labored over this note most painfully, but found that the words of love which he had planned would not come. After much effort this is what he wrote:

From Prem Masih to Beloved Seoti, Greetings:

This is indeed a nice place in which to be, do you not think so? Monkeys and crocodiles and other nice things are here, especially little girls. The meetings are good, and so is the "*khana*." It is nice to be hungry, and then just eat and eat. I am glad you are here. I hope you are glad I am here.

Your everlasting Servant and Slave,

Prem Masih.

Prem Masih had noticed that sometimes the younger boys and girls were seated near each other during meeting; so he watched for his opportunity at the next meeting, and was delighted when he saw Seoti sit down at the very edge of the group of girls. When the boys sat down he chose a place as near Seoti as he could, and edged over little by little until he was almost touching her. She looked at him and smiled, and he quickly pressed the folded letter into her hand. She opened it slyly and spread it out in her song-book. When she read it she hung her head and blushed, though the blush on the biscuit-colored face of an Indian girl is a hard thing to see. Then she lifted her head and gave Prem Masih a look which plainly said — "You are my Galahad" — though neither of them had ever heard of that brave and pure knight.

She made a sign for a pencil, and when he gave it to her she scribbled this on the back of his note:

I am glad you are here. I like you. Stand near the line when we return from our bath this afternoon, and I will give you a letter.

Seoti.

This note filled Prem Masih with such bliss that he could hardly listen to the address that followed.

Now, when Seoti planned to hand Prem Masih a note from the line as they were passing from their bath, it was a very foolish thing, and through it both of them were doomed to trouble. The girls had a custom of slipping letters in and out through friends. Seoti, knowing this, felt that she must slip Prem Masih a letter just like the older girls had been in the habit of doing. Her love affair must be orthodox! But this letter-passing ruse had been discovered by the watchful helpers in charge, with the result that a very close watch was kept. Thus it was that when Prem Masih edged up close to the line of passing girls and slyly received a note from Seoti, a helper saw it and at once reported to the Mamaji.

The Mamaji was rather amused over Seoti's conduct, though she knew that it is well in India to keep a strict watch over children of even so young an age as eleven. Seoti received a severe scolding, and was not allowed to mingle with the other girls during their evening playtime. When it developed that Prem Masih was really innocent of any wrong intent, he escaped with a short lecture on the rules and regulations in force among the girls. He was really sorry for Seoti, however, and wondered if the unhappy ending would dampen her affection. When, therefore, she smiled the same glad smile

at him at the next meeting time, a smile with a spice of mischief added, Prem Masih was reassured.

A couple of days after this incident the rally broke up and the people began to leave. Out through the fields groups of Christians could be seen wending their way, their white garments, with touches of green and red and yellow, showing in the sun. Soon all were gone save three or four who had remained behind to look after the matting and other "*mela*" property.

The girls had returned to Bilaspur, and were settled down once more, all but preparing their beds for the night. Prem Masih and his brother were returning by way of Bilaspur, Prem Masih on his way to Damoh, and Ganpat back to his work in Mungeli. Prem Masih had been playing with some boys near the church, not far from the orphanage buildings and bungalow. As it grew dark he started back to the Christian "*para*" where he and his brother were to stay for the night. He heard the girls laughing and talking, and a vision of the lovely Seoti dazzled him as she flitted across the gate-way, and he wandered toward the bungalow, hoping that the White Rose would blossom in the gate-way again. The Mamaji came out on to the veranda just as Prem Masih passed through the blaze of light which came from the open door. She recognized him and, assuming a sternness which she did not feel said: "What! are you trying to slip another note after the experience you had on the island?"

Prem Masih was on the point of fleeing into the dark, but his inherent pluck and sturdiness saved

him. Instead of fleeing he "salaamed" and said: "Miss Sahibji, I hope you will not be too hard on Seoti because of what she did. Not knowing the rules, I wrote the first note, and it is really I who am to blame. And — and, er — I wonder if you would let me see her again. I have to return to Damoh tomorrow, and I would like to know if she is angry with me." He well knew Seoti was not angry, but it occurred to him that such a plea ought to appeal to the "Miss Sahib."

"Well, now, what do you think of this?" said the Miss Sahib as the teacher Sahib came by on his way home.

"Here is this boy again, and he actually asks me if he may see Seoti! However, his sturdiness and straightforwardness appeal to me."

"Well, he is smitten, that is what is wrong with him," replied the teacher Sahib. "Were you ever smitten, Mamaji? If you ever were, then you will be kind to poor Prem Masih."

The Mamaji did know, and she would be kind to Prem Masih.

"Prem Masih," she said, "I will give you and Seoti ten minutes together." She turned to an Indian girl and said: "Estherbai, tell Seoti to come here." And Prem Masih, in a spell of happy bewilderment, found himself waiting for her whom a few moments before he had no more than expected to glimpse through the gate-way.

Seoti, blooming and blushing, bashful and smiling, appeared in a clean "sari" presently and for ten minutes Prem Masih and she talked together happily. The time passed all too soon.

"Come, Prem Masih, it is time to go," said the Miss Sahib, then.

So Prem Masih in the shadow of the huge potted palms gave to Seoti the jasmine flower he had plucked from the garden in passing and bade her good-night.

V

CHRISTMAS CAMP AND A PANTHER

IT was Christmas time and all the boys were highly excited. The immediate cause of the excitement was the Christmas dinner they could smell cooking. It was not to be a mere everyday meal of rice and *"dal,"* but there was to be meat "curry" seasoned with many savory roots and spices, and hot bread made of whole-wheat flour and *"ghi."* As a grand wind-up there would be *"jalebis"* for all those who would have any gastric space left; and the time had never yet been when there was not enough such space for all the *"jalebis"* in sight.

The remote cause of the excitement was the fact that the next day the boys were to start for their annual Christmas camp. For many nights they had been talking about this camp, planning where they would go and what they would do. The happy possessors of *"gulels"* had made scores of little mud balls, and their conversation bode no good for the birds. The *"gulel"* is a bow with a double string held apart by a small stick, and connected at the center of the bow by a strong piece of cloth or soft leather. Small stones and mud balls are shot from these. The little mud balls look much like marbles. Made of hard clay and baked in the hot sun of India, they become quite rock-like, and woe to the bird or small animal struck by such a ball when shot from the big *"gulel"* of a strong boy.

The Christmas dinner was over and digested, "*jalebis*" and all. At the first rosy streaks of dawn the boys were stirring about. At the bungalows the missionaries were loading up tents and camp furniture in bullock carts. It was cold, but all were well aware that by nine o'clock it would be hot marching through the sun, so they had planned to move away as quickly as possible and cover much of the road during the cold morning hours.

With much shouting and laughter the start was made, a long line of dusky-faced lads stringing their way out through green fields of wheat and lintels. About fourteen miles from Damoh is the jungle town of Dasonda. A large stream flows by, and at one spot enough grass-covered plain lies along the shore, covered with just enough trees and shrubbery to make a nice camping place. It was after two o'clock when this spot was reached, for the march had been slow because of the smaller boys. The tiny ones had had the distinction of riding in a bullock-cart.

Immediately on reaching the place the boys began to make booths of the branches of trees and dry leaves and straw. They were responsible for their own shelter, and some of them constructed excellent booths, while the handiwork of others was very crude. Mottoes and banners decorated the doorway and walls of one large booth which had been made by Prem Masih, Janak Lal, and Paltu, and a flag, on which was worked the words, YISHU MASHI, fluttered over it in the breeze.

The first afternoon was occupied in this building work, and early the next morning the boys were

ready to explore. Up and down the river banks, and out into the jungle they wandered, gathering fruit and wading in the water, and hunting with their "*gulels*." The Manager had put a ban on the killing of most birds, but, knowing that boys would be boys, and that those "*gulels*" must be used, he had told them just what they might shoot. Cardinals, orioles, Paradise birds, and others, winged their way unmolested. The very first forenoon Lallu succeeded in killing a partridge and several small quails, and quite a feast he and his boothmate had. Wild fruit, for the most part tart or insipid, but ambrosia to the boys, was gathered, and some of it dried in the sun, and some consumed on the spot.

Hilarious were the times around the camp-fires at night. There was plenty of old wood lying about, and during the day the boys would gather up arm-loads of it, and at night build a fire whose glow reached out until it melted away into the shadows of the jungle. Here the boys would talk and play and sing, and parch "*dal*" and "*chana*" in the hot ashes. The missionaries also had their camp-fire, and as they would sit about it after their evening meal, their thoughts and conversation would often wander back to the land of their childhood, the land of clover and apple bloom, of little country school houses, and old loves and dreams; and, as the embers would glow in their last great heat before melting away into ashes, all would sit silent and still, each seeing down into the depths of the glowing and changing coals the picture of his own enchanted past. Sometimes villagers would drop in to enjoy these camp-fires, and songs

were sung for them, and they were told of Jesus, the wonderful Teacher of the Loving Heart.

As Prem Masih would listen to the older boys talk to the people, his heart would burn within him, and he was filled with a desire to proclaim the message in words of fire. One evening a number of villagers gathered around the camp-fire, and, after singing a few songs, two or three of the boys spoke to them. Prem Masih could resist no longer, and springing up, launched out on the great theme of Jesus, Conqueror of Demons.

According to the beliefs of the people of India sickness and trouble are caused by demons. If the baby dies, it is laid to demons. Sometimes a boy is given a girl's name, so that the demon may pass by without molesting him, it being thought that a demon would not trouble itself to harm a girl. The people dwell in the shadow of constant fear.

Prem Masih gave a wonderful message for a lad of fifteen. He told how Jesus cast out demons. His power over them was supreme.

"Obey Him," said Prem Masih, "and you will no longer fear. You can put your baby to sleep, knowing all is well. You can walk abroad, night or day, free, fearless. He will cast out of your lives the demons of lust, lying, and hate. He will make you so pure and clean that even the devil himself, father of demons, will have no terrors for you."

The people listened intently; and the Manager Sahib, pausing in his round of inspection to listen to Prem Masih, predicted that some day he would be a silver-tongued Apollos among his own people.

One evening the larger boys were made glad when the Manager announced that early on the morrow all were to go hunting, and that they could help beat the jungle. The small lads were consumed with envy, and declared among themselves that when they got big they certainly would have some good times. To beat the jungle means to form a line or circle as circumstances demand, and to work through the trees and bushes, shouting and making a prodigious noise. The hunters station themselves where the game is expected to come out, and await their chance for a good shot. Quite a number of villagers had been employed for this occasion, and the boys would have the pleasure of helping them.

By four o'clock the following morning all were up and getting ready by the light of a fire kindled from the remains of last night's camp-fire. With difficulty they made their way over the fields and the hills by the light of a waning moon. The beaters worked around to the base of a large jungle-covered hill, and formed a circle around it. The hunters went on up to the top, and the Manager, captain for the occasion, stationed each one at a good point.

The new Sahib climbed to the crotch of a low, spreading tree. This was his first Damoh Christmas camp, and he was enjoying it to the full. He loved the out-of-doors, and sitting up in a tree at early dawn just suited him, though it was so cold his teeth chattered. The sky in the east was just turning a grayish brown, and only two or three of the brightest stars could be dimly seen. Birds began to chirp and flutter, and when a rabbit

hopped through the underbrush, the Sahib gripped his gun excitedly, not knowing what big game might come bounding through.

Faintly and far away at first the noise of the beaters could be heard, but the din grew as they approached nearer and nearer. The boys and villagers were having the time of their lives, and what with shouting and beating on old kerosene tins, the morning stillness was rudely broken. By the time they had worked up toward the crest, the sun was blazing, and the Sahib now longed for a thinner coat, so great and rapid are the changes between night and day in the tropics.

Every hunter was now keenly alert, for no one knew at what moment game might come bounding forth. One of the missionaries, who, with his family, was making a Christmas visit with his sister, was the first lucky man. A big "sambar" came crashing through the open space where he stood, and stopped about fifty yards away to look and listen. It did not see the missionary, who took aim and fired. The "sambar" fell in its tracks.

The new Sahib was destined unwittingly to be the cause of much trouble. When people are scattered about here and there, as they were on that day, wise hunters never shoot at a wild beast like a panther or tiger; but how was the Sahib to know that when he shot at a "chinkara" buck, a panther was in the bushes a few yards ahead of it? Perhaps all would have been well had not a limb bent and cracked under the Sahib's weight and spoiled his aim, for the bullet went high, there was a wild howl from the clump of bushes, and

the panther, wounded and angrily snarling, stalked forth and stared at the Sahib in his tree.

The Sahib quickly threw back the lever of his gun, hoping to get in a fatal shot before the panther ran amuck in the midst of the beaters and hunters; but luck was against him, for the cartridge jammed, and before he could get it loose, the panther turned and made toward a couple of beaters who had now appeared. The Sahib yelled at the top of his voice — "Wounded panther! wounded panther!" The Manager heard, and passed on the cry in both English and Hindi.

The two beaters nimbly climbed a low tree near at hand, and one of them just barely escaped the panther's sharp claws, in fact, he left a small bit of his *"dhoti"* with the panther as a souvenir. All the other beaters climbed trees or hid behind dense bushes. The panther turned and slunk through the bushes right in the direction of the two ladies. They could not very well climb trees, so the best they could do was to settle behind their bush and keep as quiet as mice; but, their bush was not a very thick one, and, as ill luck would have it, the panther, now thoroughly aroused and longing for a chance at his unseen foes, spied them and began to creep toward them, crouching and lashing his tail from side to side. The two doctors were paralyzed with fear for a moment, then danger aroused them to action.

Dr. McGavran was in the habit of carrying in her hand-purse a tiny bottle of smelling salts, more to oblige other ladies than for her own benefit, as she rarely had to resort to such a subterfuge for health. As thoughts flow quickly in times of

danger, so it flashed through her mind what she had read of a Canadian veterinary who got the best of a bear which had treed him by smashing a bottle of strong ammonia over its head. She remembered her little bottle of smelling salts, fresh and strong, and saw that a light breeze was blowing toward the panther. She took out the bottle and slung it with all her might on the stony ground in front of the panther. When the pungent, blinding vapor penetrated the panther's nostrils, he fled precipitantly into the underbush as the Manager scared and excited, came rushing upon the scene.

The Manager knew that the panther was now thoroughly aroused, and that it ought to be killed. He was a splendid shot. He noticed that it would have to cross a cleared space of several yards, and kneeled down and made ready. As the panther came loping out he aimed and fired. It stumbled and fell, then started up again, but the Manager fired again, this time hitting the panther's backbone, so that it could not rise again. The Manager ran forward and sent a third bullet home in the brain, thus ending the animal's misery and all further danger.

The word was shouted along, and soon all had come from their hiding and their tree-tops to have a look at the trophy. It was now after eleven o'clock, and all were tired, hungry and thirsty. A nice shady place was found, and the hunters were soon enjoying a bounteous picnic dinner, and the good cold water from the earthern waterjugs which had been brought from camp. With many gesticulations and exclamations experiences of

the morning were compared, and all were glad that his panther-ship had not harmed anyone.

In the afternoon they hunted a while longer, and one of the women distinguished herself by shooting a "chinkara" buck. As the sun began to edge toward the western horizon they thought it well to get back to camp, as it would be difficult to find their way after dark. In a mix-up with a porcupine the Manager and a couple of boys did get left behind, and had to stumble through ditches and work through thorns, thinking they would never find camp again; but, after a time they saw the campfire gleaming, and heard the bugle call. They pressed on, and soon all were seated at a well-spread table where the scratches and bruises and fatigue of the day were immediately forgotten.

A few days later the camp broke up, and the boys marched back to Damoh. They had had ten glorious days out in the fields and jungles and along the river, and were now ready for work. The missionaries, too, were refreshed and invigorated, and felt more equal to the tasks ahead. Even the grouchy Mangal had enjoyed the outing so well that he had not even tried to quarrel with Prem Masih.

VI

THE RESCUE

HE Manager Sahib was tired out. He felt he must have a few days of relaxation away from the orphanage surroundings; but, circumstances made it impossible just then to leave the boys alone in the station. Finally, he decided to take them with him, feeling that two or three days out in the jungle would be a rest and benefit to them as well as to himself.

About fourteen miles from Damoh, on the metaled Jubbulpore road, is a place called Nohata. Here there is a government rest house, a strip of quiet jungle in front of it, and a river flowing behind it. This river joins another flowing across the road below the rest house, but to look out from the rear of the rest house, one has the impression of a big stream sweeping in from the right and curving away to the front of him.

This river is perhaps a hundred yards wide, and, in places, from fifteen to twenty feet deep. On its sandy banks crocodiles sun themselves, and peacocks graze and come to drink as the red sun sinks behind the low jungle-fringed hills; and, in the teak trees near at hand, they roost at night. Wild pig sleep in the dense clumps of thorny underbrush at noon, and antelope roam the hills and plains. The ruins of a small, though rather wonderful Jain temple are near, and constitute, perhaps, the chief source of interest. Here, in this quiet spot, a spot made to order for hunters, na-

ture-lovers, and boys, the Manager and his charges came for three or four days of recreation and rest.

What glorious days of river and jungle they promised to be! The Manager managed to obtain the use of a couple of old dugouts, battered and leaky, but the holes were easily stopped with clay. The boys gathered logs and driftwood, and, by the second day, had a raft ready, one that would accommodate a number of boys at a time. The Manager, with a large boy or two, would cruise along the shore in a dugout about sunset time, and usually would return with a large peacock or two. These added to a wild pig killed the first day and a deer killed the second, gave the boys a feast equal to their wildest dreams.

All was going well and every boy enjoying himself to the full. The small lads, with three or four large ones to look after them, were having many fine cruises on the raft. There was a swing on the shore for them, and it was the combination of this swing and raft that almost led to a fatal calamity. On the third day, as some boys were rafting near at hand, the rope of the swing broke. On the raft was a heavy chain with which it was tied up to the shore when not in use. Some one shouted from the shore that the chain was wanted for the swing.

On the raft were Balidas and Yohan, two strong and sturdy lads who had helped to bring victory in many a football contest. Like all young men, they were proud of their strength, and much overestimated it. When the call came for the chain, they unloosed it, and Yohan said to Balidas —

"Come, let us tie this chain to ourselves and swim ashore."

"Right," answered Balidas. "You tie one end around your waist, and I'll tie one end around mine."

Some of the other boys protested, and wanted to run the raft ashore.

"Do you think they want to wait a week for the chain?" asked Balidas. "Come, Yohan, off we go." And with that they were in the water.

No sooner had they struck the surface than they sank out of sight, for, of course it was utterly out of the question for two boys, be they ever so strong, to swim with a heavy chain tied to them. Down they went, down in fifteen feet of water, and all that boasted strength of theirs was as a bubble.

They tugged at the chain, but so thoroughly had they tied it that they could not loosen it. Five seconds, ten seconds, fifteen seconds, the chain would not move. Twenty seconds, thirty seconds, with ringing ears, their cold fingers worked and tugged, but the struggle with the chain quickly took their breath and strength and the boys sank to the bottom limp and unconscious.

Fifty or sixty yards up stream Prem Masih was cruising about in the smaller of the two dug outs. He happened to look up just as the two boys began to tie the chain to their waists. He frantically shouted to them not to jump into the water, but they laughingly waved their hands at him and went on tying the chain. Prem Masih put all his strength on the oar, and it is doubtful if any boy in the whole orphanage was a better rower. The

dugout straightened out in its course and cut a line toward the raft; but a dugout is a slow craft at best, and by the time Prem Masih reached the raft Balidas and Yohan had sunk to the bottom, and the last second of their precious minute was up.

Prem Masih swung alongside the raft and shouted for one of the poles, a strong bamboo about fourteen feet long. He tested it, and saw in an instant that he could do nothing with it. On the raft was the fragment of a chain, perhaps four feet in length, to the end of which was fastened a hook. He hastily fastened the chain to the pole, and began to sweep the bottom of the stream. Luckily, after a few seconds the hook caught in the chain fastened to the boys, and Prem Masih pulled them to the surface. They were limp and helpless, and a dead weight. Prem Masih tried to get them into the dugout, but saw he could not do so without great danger of upsetting. He then draw the chain over the end of the dugout so as to float the boys with their heads out of the water, and pulled for the raft a few yards away.

Mangal, Prem Masih's old enemy, was on the raft, and when the boys first went down he made a great effort to save them; but when he saw Prem Masih come on the scene his old resentment returned. Here was his enemy about to achieve success, and everyone would praise him and call him a hero. In his anger he did a queer thing, as people are bound to do when anger and resentment get the upper hand. He determined to frustrate Prem Masih's efforts. The boys were dead any

way, he reasoned, so what harm would there be? So, when the dugout came along side, Mangal, appearing to help with the other pole, entangled the chain and swept it off the bow into the water. Prem Masih grabbed it, the dugout overturned, and all went into the water. Prem Masih clung to the dugout with one hand and to the chain with the other. A quickwitted lad of thirteen threw himself face down on the edge of the raft, dug his toes in between the timbers, and gave Prem Masih his outstretched hand. Other boys came to the rescue and Mangal could not very well oppose for fear of detection, so had to help, though with very bad grace.

Prem Masih climbed aboard the raft, dragging the boys after him. They quickly poled ashore, the boys were taken off, and Prem Masih and Paltu, who knew something of resuscitating such cases, turned the boys over a log and emptied the water from their lungs; then they wrapped them in blankets and began artificial respiration. The Manager had been informed, and came running with all speed. He ordered a fire made and water heated, also stones. He set a couple of strong lads to rubbing the bodies of the drowned boys.

Among the boys at camp was a small lad of ten named David, exceptionally bright and thoughtful for his age. When he saw the boys go down and Prem Masih frantically pulling for the raft, he knew something serious had happened. He also knew that in cases of drowning a doctor was a valuable asset. He rushed over the road, hoping to find some way to send word into Damoh. As good luck would have it, Mr. Lane an English

official, came by on his motorcycle. David waved frantically and danced up and down in the road, and Mr. Lane's experienced eye saw that the lad was in trouble. He cut off the gasoline and applied both brakes, and came to a stop almost where David was standing.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Sahibji," 'Huzur,' two big boys have drowned, and could your honor notify our Dr. Sahib in Damoh?"

Mr. Lane asked some pointed questions, saw that the lad knew what he was talking about, and promised to notify the doctor. David rushed back, and on the way met a large boy who was starting to Damoh at the Manager's orders.

"You will not have to go," said David to him, "for the Lane Sahib is taking the message."

Mr. Lane found the doctor in and told him about the accident. He would have taken him out in his motorcar, but it was broken, and the doctor could not ride a motorcycle and preferred his trusty bicycle. Slipping his hypodermic outfit in his pocket, he pumped air into his tires, slung a Boy Scout water-flask over his shoulder, and went spinning down the driveway.

It was quite hot for March, and the hottest time of day. The doctor could not stand India's sun very well, even in winter. He had wet a towel and put it on his head, letting it hang down over his shoulders. On this he wore a "topi," or sun-helmet. A hot blast blew across his shoulders as he pulled out the gate, but it felt cool and refreshing as it sifted through the wet towel.

On pushed the doctor, up grade and down. He

knew his strength and just what he could do, and set his pace accordingly. Fortunately the breeze was a little to the rear, and helped rather than hindered him. As he was doing down grade he saw a cart ahead loaded with bamboos. He rang his bell vigorously, and the cartman started to turn to one side; but his buffaloes became contrary, as buffaloes usually do, and wheeled in the road. The sharp ends of the bamboos swept in a semicircle across the doctor's path, and he was forced to turn from the road and ride down a steep embankment to keep from being empaled. He went sliding and crashing down, tearing his trousers and bruising his shin, but he was soon up and off again. Within a mile of the camp his front tire burst, but he rode on very slowly in the soft dust, knowing this was the quickest thing he could do under the circumstances.

In the meantime the Manager and Prem Masih and Paltu had been working vigorously with the boys. The Manager had grit, and he knew that sometimes after a very long and apparently hopeless fight those who have been drowned are brought to life. Finally, after what seemed an age, Yohan's eyelids began to flicker, and the Manager and the boys redoubled their efforts.

As the doctor struggled through that last weary mile, Yohan opened his eyes, and the Manager felt that the fight was won so far as he was concerned. Balidas, however, had not responded to their efforts, and they feared that he would not win out in the battle. Just as the doctor came panting up, however, his eyelids flickered a time or two, and then he seemed as dead. The doctor

wasted no words in asking questions just then, but hastily prepared his hypodermic syringe, and injected a strychnine tablet in Balidas' chest.

After a few moments the strychnine began to take effect, and there was a spasmodic twitching of the lids. The doctor injected another dose, and presently the eyes opened. While the doctor had been waiting and preparing the second dose he was told all the circumstances of the accident and the rescue. He listened carefully, then said: "Well, that river would have been the end for those boys had it not been for the pluck and initiative of Prem Masih."

Being strong and healthy boys Yohan and Balidas recuperated rapidly, in fact, were ready for a little play the next morning. The evening of the next day all returned home. A few days after that Mangal was dismissed from the orphanage. The small boys, who had seen through his trick, had told the Manager all about it, and it was felt by all that it would be better for the other boys were he dismissed. One boy like Mangal can poison many boy minds.

Yohan and Balidas were thankful for their rescue, and their nearness to death made both of them think more of spiritual things. They became more active in Sunday School and Christian Endeavor work, and were zealous in influencing other boys to come to a decision. A spiritual wave swept the place, and quite a number of boys organized themselves into the Tenth Legion, and tithed their food to help the Indian Christian Missionary Society. The little boys, not to be outdone, called

themselves Little Fishers, and through their efforts a number of boys that year came to the Manager asking for baptism. As is often the case, danger and nearness to death had been the means of lasting good.

VII

GOAL!

T was the day of the big football game between the Damoh High School and the Damoh Orphanage. The teams were well matched and had good coaching and the contest was an event of great excitement and interest.

The night before this great day a number of girls from the Bilaspur orphanage, together with their beloved Mamaji, boarded the train for Katni, where they would get another train the next day which would take them to Damoh in time for the afternoon sports. They were going for match-making, and were hilariously happy, all save one girl, Seoti. To the other girls, the door of romance was about to open; but to her, as she thought, it had closed forever. She and Prem Masih had reached a rocky place in the path of love. The rocks had been put there by an enemy.

Mangal had seen Seoti, and thought her the comeliest girl in the orphanage. When he found that she was for Prem Masih, the old enmity was fanned into a double flame, and he wanted Seoti more than ever. Finding it was out of the question, he determined that Prem Masih should not have her; so he manufactured all sorts of tales about him, and sent them to Seoti through some other girls who had married and settled down, and had opportunities now and again for brief visits with the orphanage girls. Through these notes and scraps of conversation, Seoti's mind

was poisoned. She did not want to believe at first, but a false girl friend, jealous of Seoti's popularity, pretended to have inside information which proved that what Mangal said was true.

Thus it is we find Seoti sad while her companions were glad, and Prem Masih without heart for his game which meant so much to his team and institution. He was their swift and strong Center Forward who had led them to victory time after time; but how could anyone have interest in a game when his sweetheart had written telling him that he was not what she thought him to be, and that her love was gone? He had protested, but Seoti had stood firm. All letters are read and passed by the Mamaji. When Mamaji read Seoti's letter, she called her in and asked her if she might not be mistaken; but so thoroughly had the poison done its work, that she insisted that it must all be true, and that her hopes were dead. Mamaji finally decided to take her along with the other girls, and see if things could not be cleared up again.

By three o'clock invited guests from town were beginning to arrive in Damoh and the missionaries were putting the finishing touches on preparations. Every boy was happy, and each anxious to do his part. Prem Masih had asked permission to meet the train from Bilaspur, as soon as he knew Seoti was coming, but when the train had come Seoti had not so much as given him a glance, had not returned his greeting. How different from those happy days on the island, and that night behind the palms. As soon as they reached the bungalow, he asked the Mamaji if he might

see Seoti for a minute, as he must report for play at once. She consented. When the two came together alone, Seoti almost yielded, for the old love was still there; but memories of what she had heard came to her, and she coldly told Prem Masih to go and not bother her any more. When he did go, girl-like, she cried. Had poor Prem Masih known this, he might have plucked up courage.

The games were soon on, and every one seemed pleased and amused. The little boys were especially amusing as they sack-raced, had tug-of-war, obstacle-races, etc. The boys of eight and ten played a football game which was much enjoyed by all. After that came the great event of the evening, the football game.

As the game we are about to describe is the Association, and not the Rugby, it may be well to explain what it is like. In this game the ball is not touched by hand. It must be kicked, pushed along with the foot, or "dribbled," and bumped on by the body or head. Only the goal-keeper has the right to touch the ball with his hands. The goal-keeper's place is between the goal posts, though he has the right to rush forward and play according to his discretion. It is his work to prevent the ball from passing between the goal posts. He can kick, strike with his hand, grab and throw, anything to keep the ball back. He must be very agile, know how to judge speed and angles, and anticipate what both friends and foes are going to do.

There are two full-backs and three half-backs. This constitutes the defense. It is their work to keep the ball from coming too near their own goal, to oppose and intercept the attacking forwards,

and to pass up the ball to their own forwards towards the opponents' goal. There are five forwards, making a total of eleven on each side. It is the work of the forwards to break through the opponents' defense and make goal if possible. The play usually hinges upon the centre forward and centre half-back. Each must know how and when to pass to best advantage. This point must be remembered when we come to an account of the match.

The court is usually one hundred and twenty yards. The goals are eight yards in width, with a cross-bar from post to post eight feet from the ground. The ball must pass under this bar to score a goal. The lines at each end of the court are the goal-lines, and those at each side the touch-lines. A flag is placed at each corner. If the ball is played behind the goal-line by the offending side, the defending side has the privilege of kicking from goal. If played over by the defending side, the offending side has a corner kick within one yard of the nearest corner flag-staff. Neither tripping, kicking, nor jumping at a player is allowed, though there are a good many collisions during the course of a game. The ball is round, twenty-eight inches in diameter, and weighs about fourteen ounces.

Such, briefly, is the description of Association football. We are now ready for the match, and perhaps we can get a better understanding of the game when we see how the High School boys and the Damoh lads pitted themselves against each other. The Damoh lads, because of their physical strength developed through their work on the

farm and in the shop, usually won from the High School boys, though not always. The latter felt sure of winning on this occasion. They had been practicing most diligently, and a special coach from Jubbulpore had been drilling them for a couple of weeks.

The Damoh team was equally confident, and it was a bunch of twenty-two keen-eyed, intense lads who faced each other at a signal from the referee, all ready, we might say, save Prem Masih. He tried his best to forget everything but the game, but visions of the impassive Seoti would rise up before him, and his feet seemed leaden.

The ball was placed in the center of the field, and the captains of the teams drew lots to see who should have first kick. Damoh won. Prem Masih, centre-forward, kicked off. It is always wise to pass the ball to a team-mate, and for all to dash forward, passing and working together toward goal. Prem Masih, vexed and not caring much how the world went, gave the ball a crashing kick and sent it flying straight for the enemies' goal. The uninitiated thought he had made a great play, and cheered loudly; but his team-mates wondered what their leader could mean by making such a rash play. Still, they had great faith in him, and thought perhaps he wanted to measure the foe in the very beginning so as to know how to take it.

The Highs were not long in showing their mettle. As the ball came curving down toward their centre half-back, he caught it beautifully in his instep and sent it to his outside right-forward, who in turn sped it over to outside left-forward, who had dashed ahead to receive it. He in turn sent it

to the right again, who had rushed on toward the Damoh goal. The centre-forward, fleet of foot, had run into line, and received the ball from right, feinted and dribbled the ball around one of Damoh's full-backs, and all three came rushing dangerously near the goal, with only one full-back and the goal-keeper to save the day; but that one full-back was enough. Janak Lal, though not so good in the aggressive, was the best defensive man Damoh had, save Paltu, the goal-keeper. He rushed as if for High centre half-back, who quickly passed to his left-forward, ready to receive it and kick for goal; but Janak Lal had never thought to play straight ahead like a greener. He darted in a swift curve behind his goal-keeper as the latter charged the High left-forward like a war horse, and spoiled his kick. The ball came bouncing slowly toward the goal, and Janak Lal was there to get it. Unfortunately, he slipped on a small pebble as he kicked, and the ball again fell into the hands of the foe; but help had come to the hard-pressed full-backs, and the whole battle swelled and surged around the Damoh goal area.

There was quick and clever work for a few minutes, then both teams lost their heads, and surged to and fro without any particular skill. One of the Damoh lads, comparatively new in real match playing, deliberately tripped a High within the Damoh penalty area, for which violation of rules the Highs were awarded a penalty-kick. Now, a penalty-kick is a most serious thing for the defending side. All players, with the exception of the kicker and defending goal-keeper, must be outside the penalty area, and the goal-keeper can not

advance beyond his goal-line. As the goal-line is eight yards long, and the penalty-kick taken only twelve yards from the line, it will be seen that the goal-keeper has an exceedingly difficult task before him.

Paltu was a splendid goal-keeper, quick and agile, with good judgment; but he faced the kick with fear and trembling. He braced himself for the struggle, however. The High player skillfully sent a moderately swift kick toward one of the goal-posts. Paltu made a cat-like spring, but it was too much for him. The thong of the ball flicked his finger as it shot through, a beautiful goal. The High School lads were elated that the first goal was theirs, and their friends from town cheered vigorously.

Again the ball was placed in the centre of the field, and Damoh kicked, as the losing side gets the kick, according to rules. The boys were smarting over their ill luck, but felt confident they could win. They had measured High, and would give them all, and more, than they had bargained for. This time Prem Masih, in something like his old form, sent the ball backward to his centre half-back, who sent it to left half-back. The whole team was on the alert. Like swift shadows the boys darted forward, each lad ready to do his part. The half-back saw Prem Masih dart ahead like lightning, and sent the ball to him in a low, swift kick. Prem Masih stopped it with his body, and dribbled it to his left forward, who sent it to right forward, and he in turn sent it back to Prem Masih, all of them running forward, and dodging interference. Prem Masih kicked for goal, but a

High interfered just as he made the kick, and the ball grazed the outside of the goal-post.

This seemed to dishearten Prem Masih. In normal circumstances he would have gritted his teeth and played calmly on; but now he did not display his usual skill and agility. He would play hard at times, then seem to lose out.

"I wonder what is wrong with Prem Masih today?" asked the Manager. "He does not seem to be putting it across for some cause or other."

During a lull Janak Lal asked: "Are you sick, Prem Masih? You seem to tire at the critical point."

"Well, I am not feeling very well," was the reply. Prem Masih realized he was disappointing the boys, and wanted some excuse for his bad play.

The game surged up and down the field during the remainder of the first half, the Highs getting dangerously near the Damoh goal several times, and the two full-backs fought like tiger cubs; but even then, had it not been for Paltu's fleetness and skill, it would have fared hard for the Damoh team. By lightning plays and keen judgment, by dashing forward or retreating backward, he passed ball after ball back to his side after it had gotten through all defense, and saved three goals. The Damoh boys lost heart when their captain did not play up, but Janak Lal and Paltu inspired them to play the defensive, and onslaught after onslaught was checked. The whistle blew for the first half, and the game stood High 1, to Damoh 0.

There was to be a rest of ten minutes, then the teams would change sides and play the last half. During the first half there had been two interested

spectators, Seoti, and Prem Lata, the daughter of the caretaker. These two had become quite friendly, and were enjoying a visit during the progress of the game.

"I cannot understand what is wrong with Prem Masih," Prem Lata had said. "He is the best player on the team, but he is not showing it today. He surely is not well."

This gave Seoti a good opportunity to ask about Prem Masih. Her conscience was already hurting her. She felt that perhaps she had done a foolish thing in listening to the gossip of the disgruntled Mangal. Prem Lata gladly sang the praises of Prem Masih. She told how he had come to the orphanage, how his people had taken him away, and how it seemed that Providence took a hand and opened the way for his return.

The more Seoti listened, the more ashamed she felt. She began to realize the reason for Prem Masih's bad playing. His love for her was deep. Had he not told her that morning that he never could forget the happy days they had spent on the island, and that moonlight night at the "Mamaji's" place? So, by the time the first half was over, Seoti had reached a great resolve. She would send a message to Prem Masih. She asked permission from Mamaji and it was granted. She wrote this little note:

To My Beloved Prem Masih:
I am still your White Rose. Go in and win.
Lovingly,
Seoti.

The Mamaji read it, then whispered to Seoti and said: "That is fine, Seoti. Prem Masih will

certainly win now. It is the most sensible thing you ever did." The Mamaji had always remembered this pretty childhood romance, and would have been much disappointed had it not turned out story-book fashion.

Just as the whistle blew for the second half, the note was handed to Prem Masih. He read it, and lo! what a change! He cast a quick, understanding glance toward Seoti, then with a ring in his voice shouted out — "Come on boys. We'll give High a shower of goals as souvenirs." Quick are boys to note a change. They knew they had their old captain back with them. Janak Lal nudged Paltu and said: "Prem Masih has just had the best kind of prescription, and it has worked a remarkable cure." With this he winked, turned a cartwheel or two, and ran shouting to his post. The contagion spread, and so happy and hilarious were the boys that the High School players actually began to feel pessimistic. What if Damoh had been playing with them like a cat with a mouse!

The last half was fierce and swift. The Highs played well, but they were put on the defensive. They were tiring out quicker than the Damoh lads, who were now playing with a new spirit. Prem Masih jumped about like a chimpanzee, and never a false pass did he make. He was playing before his beloved, and his whole system was in tune, from muscles to nerves.

"Come on, boys, come on," he would shout as he passed the ball, "come on and get the good *'shikar'*; catch it by the tail and don't let it get away."

Thus shouting, they surged over the field, pass-

ing quickly and intelligently. Early in the second half the inside left forward from near the enemy's goal-line passed to Prem Masih, who caught the ball in his instep and sent it crashing through the goal. The score was 1 to 1!

On went the play, up and down the field, but mostly on enemy ground. If the ball did break through now and again, Janak Lal would shout: "Here comes the '*shikar*,' boys, head it off"; and head it off they did. Only twice did the Highs get dangerously near the goal during that last half, and Paltu declared that he was suffering from rheumatism in his joints. The High School lads, however, put up a heroic defense, and it seemed for a time that the game might end in a tie. Slowly but relentlessly the minute-hand of the referee's watch crept on, and only one minute was left. When the Highs heard it they jubilantly declared that Damoh would never beat them. Prem Masih's mouth set in a firm line as he said: "Straight to that goal, boys, and to victory."

They made one more grand charge. Prem Masih kicked to right forward, right passed with a beautiful kick to left, left forward passed it back again, all so adroitly that the Highs were puzzled. They were getting too fagged to cover and block their opponents. There was a quick pass to Prem Masih as he approached goal; but he was being carefully watched. The Highs were afraid of him. He knew he was watched. A shadowy form darted up from his left, another from behind, and the High centre half-back came charging from the front. One of his own forwards, however, was wide awake. He rushed in line of an opening be-

tween enemy ranks. Prem Masih made a quick, low pass to him, and he in turn sent it angling across the goal, and through, with only a bare inch to spare. The whistle blew, and the game was over, with Damoh one goal ahead.

That evening Prem Masih and Seoti had one more little visit. Both were radiantly happy. The rocky place in their path of love was in the rear, and on ahead all seemed smooth and flower-bedecked. In a bashful but most expressive silence, they sat and let the flood of love's joy cover them over. Finally Seoti looked up coyly and said: "I am glad, Prem Masih, that you made that goal today."

"I made two goals today," he replied.

"How is that?" she asked.

But Prem Masih only smiled.

VIII

PUTTING HIS HAND TO THE PLOW

WO years have passed by since the football game of the last chapter, and Prem Masih, having definitely decided to enter evangelistic work, is ready to go to Jubbulpore for his Bible College training.

When Prem Masih arrived in Jubbulpore, Janak Lal, who had gone the year before, was at the station to meet him. The two boys, always great friends, were delighted to see each other again. We shall not tell much here about Prem Masih's college work, for the purpose of our tale is nearly accomplished. We have seen how he came to the orphanage years ago, a little runaway lad of eight; and we have traced him through all his orphanage career, until we find him a stalwart young man, ready for the final preparations for his life work.

So, let us skip about three years in Prem Masih's career, and meet him again on commencement day, that proud day on which he is to receive his diploma. Only one thing saddened him. Janak Lal, for whom his friendship had steadily grown, had laid down his life in service. Graduating the year before, he had been sent to a difficult station. It was a hard post to fill, and Janak Lal had been chosen because of his fitness and worthiness. The Christians there were rough, raw village folk, untrained, vindictive, and jealous of outside influence. Janak Lal had a hard time of it indeed. The people lied about him, were rude and discourt-

eous, and took great delight in going contrary to his wishes and advice.

But through it all he was patient and kind and fair, and at last the great love in his heart began to have its melting influence. The confidence of the people grew, and they began to trust in him more and more, asked him to judge between them and settle their quarrels, and were developing a real pride in their "Babu."

He frequently wrote to Prem Masih about his work. In one letter he said — "This surely is a most wearing place to fill. I often wish I might leave, but I remember these words of the blessed Master, 'No man, having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the Kingdom of Heaven.' I am plowing in His Kingdom, and I shall hold the plow until the furrow is done."

Janak Lal had held on, but not until the furrow was done. In spite of his splendid physique, malaria had gotten into his system and weakened him, and on top of it came typhoid fever. Like so many famine boys, his heart could not stand the strain, and his plowing was over.

Prem Masih is thinking of all this on his graduation morning, and of the request which the principal of the college had made of him the day before. The mission had asked the principal to recommend some reliable and worthy graduate to fill Janak Lal's place, and he had put the proposition up to Prem Masih, urging that he accept; for the mission tries to lead, rather than coerce, its workers. Prem Masih had accepted with fear and trembling, yet gladly. He knew it would be the wish of his departed friend.

There was a supreme joy in Prem Masih's heart this day, however, which even the sorrow over a departed friend did not lessen. It was his wedding day. No more stony places had been encountered in love's pathway, and tonight Seoti was to become his very own indeed. He felt that the world is a great place in which to live, full of life and light and flowers, the fairest of which was his little White Rose.

Evening came. Commencement exercises were over, and in Prem Masih's little tin trunk was safely locked his valued diploma. As the evening sun shone through the stained glass windows of the chapel, Prem Masih and Seoti stood before the altar, and the principal made them one. A shaft of light came through a rose-tinted pane and flooded them both, and the day ended with this beautiful tableau.

"I never thought," said Prem Masih, "that Mamaji would be so kind as to grant that first visit, after the way we had behaved."

"The Mamaji is kind," answered Seoti. "Some of the girls say all sorts of things about the missionaries and their work, but I know their work is a labor of love, the love that was in the 'Guru's' heart. I hope we shall be worthy."

"Yes, we must be worthy," answered Prem Masih. Then they talked of their field of labor, and he told her of Janak Lal and his work, and of the deep friendship that had been between them.

"You must be worthy of him," whispered Seoti, her eyes bedimmed with tears.

"Yes, I must," was the answer. "The plow

stands idle in the furrow. I hope I shall have the courage to put my hand to it, and never turn back."

Thus these two planned their work on the first night of their wedded life. The little romance on the island has ended in one more Christian family which is to be a shining light in the midst of darkness.

PRONOUNCING GLOSSARY

KEY

a, as u in hut.
á, as in arm.
e, as in they.
i, as in hit.
í, as in elite.
o, as in go.
au, as in laud.
ai, as i in light.
u, as in put.
ú, as in true.

Prem Ma-síh, lover of Messiah.
An-dri-yà, Andrew.
As-sàm, See map of India.
Átà, whole wheat flour.
Bá-bú, lord; term of respect.
Baid, medicine-man.
Bàl-chand, a name; means, the new moon.
Ba-li-dás, a name; servant of Bali.
Ba-zàr, Market-place.
Ber, a kind of wild plum.
Bí-nà, name of a town.
Bis-ràm-pur, town of rest.
Cha-nà, a kind of pulse.
Chand-ku-rí, name of a place.
Cha-pà-tí, an unleavened cake made of a-ta.
Chat-ní, a term applied to various spiced pickles.
Chin-kà-rá, a kind of small antelope.
Cur-ry, see English dictionary.
Dàl, a kind of lentil.
Da-moh, name of a town.
Da-son-dá, name of a place.
Dhobí, a washerman.
Dho-tí, the lower garment worn by most Indian men save Mohamedans.

Esther-bai, Sister Esther. Bai is the Hindi for sister.

Fa-tah-char-an, a name.

Gan-pat, a name for Ga-nesh, the Hindu god of wisdom.

Ghí, Clarified butter.

Go-pàl, a herdsman. Often used as a name.

Gu-lál, the red coloring matter used by Indians at their festival called holi. Used as a name.

Gu-lel, a double-stringed bow for throwing pebbles and mud balls.

Gu-rú-jí, a guru is a religious teacher; wise man. Ji is an honorific affix.

Hu-zúr, sir; your honor.

Hin-dú, loosely applied to all Indians. Strictly speaking, those Indians who embrace the Hindu religion.

Jain, a certain sect of Hindus.

Ja-le-bí, a kind of candy.

Jan-ak-lál, a name. Was the name of a king.

Khá-ná, food; a meal.

Krait, a kind of poisonous snake.

Kat-ní, name of a town.

Kur-tá, a kind of shirt.

Krish-ná, an incarnation of God according to the Hindu religion.

Lákh, 100,000.

Lal-lú, a name, meaning "boy."

Lá-thí, a club; staff.

Mad-kú-ghát, name of a place. Ghat means "ford," or "ferry."

Ma-há-bír, a name, meaning "great hero."

Ma-há-ráj, a great king. Sometimes used jokingly, or in contempt.

Má-má-ji, honorable mother. Mama is borrowed from the English.

Mangal, a name. Means "happy."

Me-lá, a meeting; rally.

Mem-sá-hib, term applied to European married ladies.

Mi-thai-wá-lá, a candy-maker and vender.

Mun-ge-li, name of a town.

No-ha-tá, name of a place.

Pá-drí, an European clergyman or missionary.

Phag-u-á, a name. Is another term for the holi festival.

Pál-tu, a name.

Pa-pai-yá, a kind of fruit.

Pá-rá, a ward in a town or village e. g., Christian para, sweeper para, etc.

Phud-rú, a name.

Prem Dás, a name, meaning "servant of love."

Prí-ti, love; affection. A name sometimes given to girls.

Rain-kin, a name.

Rám, an incarnation according to the Hindu religion.

Rám-esh-war, a name.

Sa-lám, a salutation.

Sá-li-grám, a kind of stone worshipped by Hindus; a name.

Sám-bar, an elk.

San-skrit, classical language of Hindus.

Sá-rí, a garment worn by Indian women.

Sar-kár, government. To speak of sarkar means the British Government.

Se-ó-tí, white rose.

Shĭ-kár, game, in hunting.

Su-sa-má-chár, Good News. (New Test).

Ta-láo, a pond; tank.

Tán-gá, a two-wheeled carriage. (The "N" is nasal).

To-pi, the pith helmet worn in the tropics.

Vi-lá-yat, foreign country.

Yí-shu Ma-síh, Jesus Messiah.

Yo-han, John.

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